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For the name of a store near you, write Puritan Sportswear, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. A division of the Warnaco Group.

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Integrity is our way of life.

We recommend
Woolite
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"Dick Cavett introduced me to the white rum martini."

"I first met Dick when we were both in a whacky off-Broadway play in a theatre so small, the cast outnumbered the audience."

One night during the play's very, very, very brief run, Dick insisted that I (a gin man) order a drink I'd never tried before—a white rum martini. "This will strike you as heretical," he said, "but you may like it better than your beloved gin."

I've stayed with the white rum martini ever since. It has a smoother, cleaner taste than the gin variety.

Today, I'm a journalist, Dick's doing his new TV show and, happily, we're still pals.

We've noticed that a lot of people are now asking for white rum instead of gin or vodka. Well, isn't that how it always goes? When a good thing comes to off-Broadway, it usually finds its way uptown.

Convert yourself.

Instead of aimlessly ordering a gin or vodka martini, try some Puerto Rican rum—a white rum martini comes mixed with Nolly Puerto Rum. Its smoothness has a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico aged for at least a year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.



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For more, visit Puerto Rico, or write to Puerto Rican Rum, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. City 10018. © 1991 Corporation of Puerto Rico.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

ESQUIRE FORT NIGHTLY

A magazine for the new American man

Michael Gilgus said: "I seem to have eyes for our custom starting new publications and redefining old ones. Each time we do, we know it will be the last time, because the task never seems to get any easier. As a way, the first issue of a new publication is like an opening night. Once when the presentation is a new version of a magazine with an distinguished history as *Esquire's*, the analogy still holds. This issue represents an important new thinking about the new *Esquire*."

In creating a new *Esquire* we are lucky to have a rich heritage of almost forty-five years of the old *Esquire* tradition. Looking back over the old issues, we were particularly struck by the freshness and quality and above all the strength of the editorial formula of the very first *Esquire*. Put simply, founding editor Arnold Gingrich, the first issue appeared in January 1933—a different man, with different concerns. The man whom Gingrich projected as the ideal male of the time was a rich, cultivated, privileged man of the world who had arrived, who knew his place in the world and who reflected his arrival of that secure position by the symbols of affluence conspicuously accepted by all: fancy cars, elegant leisure activities—often involving animal houses, polo or racing—and beautiful women who were accessories to his success in life. It was a beautiful dream.

The dream has changed—along with the world in which the American man lives. Today there is a new way to move into success. Men still want to make money and exert the respect and affection of the world, they still like beautiful women and sexy cars, but they no longer measure success primarily by the outward symbols of arrival and privilege. New success is measured by self-development, by the richness of life itself, both outward and inward, professional and personal, physical, intellectual and spiritual.

The new *Esquire* will explore new dimensions of success and will try to give some freedom—and, I hope, solid—advice to men if we do our job right, we

will be able to offer some blueprint of the new success. We will explore the ways a man can develop a sense of self-fulfillment with the women and children in his life. We want to be useful to the man of action in America today by showing him what he can do, how he can get ahead, how he can prosper, how he can prosper more than himself, how he can get more out of life, and show some fun and excitement along the way.

The new *Esquire*—like the man it whom it is aimed—is a product of a nation of fresh ideas and the solid foundation of what was successful in the past.

The format has changed, the logo is different, and so is the mix of editorial material. As you can see, we have leaned heavily on service material, but we have retained many of the things that made *Esquire* memorable in the past—in particular, good writers and good writing.

In creating a magazine, one identifies its strengths and emphasizes them and eliminates what doesn't work. This is what we have tried to do.

I see *Esquire* magazine as a cherry, back filled, comfortable den—a place of wit and sparkling conversation, of goodwill and general intelligence, where thoughtful discussions take place and wise conclusions are reached.

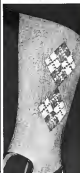
Occasionally, tables are powdered, fires are fired and confessions are made to a class and unbecomingly friend.

When the man emerges, he should be refreshed and renewed, ready to participate in decisions for the ordering of a better world.

Esquire is proud of the fact that the late Arnold Gingrich has been honored by the state of New Jersey, where he lived for many years. The New Jersey State Council on the Arts has announced that the issue which went to a professional creative writer who is a New Jersey resident will be made in Gingrich's name. The first Arnold Gingrich Memorial Fellowship Award will be announced in August of this year and the award will be given annually thereafter.

—City Editor

THE GREAT WEITZ WAY



John Weitz, the last known name in designer history, has a special way with new Spring patterns. His traditional treatments include updated interpretations in bold and vertical stripes, colorful patterns and hand-drawn designs. As always, Weitz designs are paired with good looks, comfort and famous Camp quality. Shown: Double Diamond, in a blend of Orlon® and nylon \$250 sug. retail.

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THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD, REDISCOVERED.

IN THE FIFTH CENTURY, MEAD CAME TO THE BRITISH ISLES AS THE DRINK OF THE ANGLO, SAXON AND JUTE INVADERS.

"A potent, zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

"Yet, even before its arrival in Britain, man had an unquenchable thirst for the natural taste of mead.

"It had marched with Rome's legions.

"Ridden with Hannibal across the Alps.

"Was the Viking's "Drink of the Gods."

"And the legendary cup of Beowulf.

"Then, unaccountably, the legendary taste of mead became "a legend lost."

"Lost for centuries.

"Until, many years ago, a legendary Gaelic Chieftain's seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.



"The result is Irish Mist.

"Truly, it is "the natural taste of mead, rediscovered."

"You'll find it completely unlike any other imported liqueur.

"Try it after dinner.

"Or on-the-rocks.

"It is a drink of exceptional character.

"With a zest and smoothness all its own.

"Indeed, the perfect balance of potency and good taste you'd expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

"Imported Irish Mist.

"Rediscover it.

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

SOUND AND FURY

except organizers. Despite our loss of funds, we have continued doing the groups as a bonded team.

From the follow-up survey we did, we know men need the type of information and support we give. Just reading your article will help many men feel less isolated. We feel that abortion is as basic a last ditch form of birth control. While we support a woman's right to abortion, we believe that it is no substitute for complete information on all forms of birth control for both men and women.

—New Yorker
Kathy Hollingshead
Bruce D. Gendry
Berkeley, Calif.

Business, attendance:

Regarding your feature Great Moments in American Business: Anne T. Yon Glad You Were There? (December), I was there and here are the facts.

My name is Robert F. Kennedy and I went to Friendly's ice cream parlor on Main Street in Hyannis to get an ice cream cone. I left my father's station wagon halfway in a no-parking zone. When we returned to our car, a policeman was asking Bobby a girlfriend about the car. We identified ourselves as the car's owners, whereupon the officer, a summer employee of the Hyannis police department, made a disparaging remark about Bobby's girl friend. (The young lady was sitting on the sofa's front fender.)

One thing led to another. Bob was arrested for "sneaking and loitering." He was handcuffed vigorously — so vigorously, in fact, that his nose and the seat he had purchased for his friend fell into the gutter.

By the time we arrived at the police station, the summer policeman discovered the identity of his prisoner. At that moment of discovery, the Bobby Kennedy spinning ice cream legend was, shall we say, born.

Now, fellows, do you really believe for one tiny moment that Robert F. Kennedy Jr. thought he could spit a mouthful of ice cream into a uniformed police officer's face on the middle of Main Street without being arrested and subjected to the rigors of a Kennedy arrest?

Robert S. Shriver III
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Certainly we didn't think R.F.K. Jr. would get away with spitting ice cream at a police officer. The point is it was previously reported in *The New York Times*, the *New York Daily News*, the Associated Press and the United Press International, that he did it. But Enquirer is happy to stand corrected.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to: The Sound and the Fury, Enquirer, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



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If you haven't seen Dickies terrific belts, denim shirts, and classy cardigans, then you and your legs have missed something. Dickies fit, fashion, and low price will make you forget the Other Guys. Made with Fortrel polyester. Look for the lucky darter with the horseshoe. Williamson Dickie Apparel Mfg. Co., Fort Worth, Texas.





Your horoscope indicates that your hard work is about to be richly rewarded

Johnnie Walker
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12

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THE LAW

BY STEVEN BRILL



Big-Time Law: A Money Tree

For openers, how about \$37,500 after only three years with the firm?

Any corporate executive claiming his company's legal bill costs tell you that the law business is booming. But a look at a strictly confidential earnings survey of a group of the nation's top law firms that is compiled annually by Price Waterhouse, the accounting firm, reveals you know well the most this lawyers are doing.

They're making lots of money. If you're a boss somewhere, the next time you tell your prestige law firm to check into this or draw up the papers for that, you will probably be triggering a money machine that will earn most of those involved more than you make yourself. If you're just a consumer by-product in a corporation's privatized problem, the process is certain to trickle down somewhere from higher corporate circles to higher unit of pocket change for whatever you buy.

According to the survey, which includes twenty-three of New York's largest law firms, the median net income per partner in these firms was a healthy \$151,000 in 1976. That median includes the incomes of the youngest partners, who generally get a much smaller slice of the firm's profits than those who have been there longer.

Average incomes for the older, more experienced types who've been in the law firms fifteen to thirty years reach \$200,000. These \$200,000-a-year people are the average men, not the spectacular winners of the law, for whom \$400,000 to \$500,000 a year is a more likely take.

The youngest partners were suffering either. Typically, a young partner is someone who has been an associate in a lawyer who's a hard kind (not a partner) for six or seven years following his or her own law graduation from law school. This means that when he gets the first news that the firm wants him to be a partner,

he's usually in his early thirties. The survey found that in their first year of partnership in 1976, these mostly thirty-two- and thirty-three-year-olds had median incomes of \$61,571.

The law boom seems to be defying all other economic trends in New York City while so many other industries in New York were declining in the past few years. These twenty-three firms grew in numbers of lawyers from 1972 to 1976 by a median twenty-three percent.

The prosperity is hardly confined to New York. According to lawyers who have seen them, similar studies done by Price Waterhouse of other major cities report that law firms are growing even faster in Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, Washington and other urban centers. Also, the clear earnings advantage made required by New York lawyers is fast disappearing. It may surprise those who claim to be Big Apple for the big payoff to learn that the law boomers in other major cities are now such that with the cost-of-living adjustments, higher taxes and the higher odds of not being asked to become a partner in New York, there seems to be no real economic advantage for New York lawyers.

The new surveys for 1977 law firm earnings in many areas drop from complexity and Price Waterhouse—whose partners were asked that one of their client law firms had given me the '76 report—refused to comment on what its '77 survey would show. But partners in various firms that participated in the surveys volunteered that, as one put it, "'76 was dead compared to what went on last year." Which means that the median \$151,000 partnership income in 1976 should be up substantially for 1977.

A survey I've done of salaries paid by partners to associates confirms that 1977 was a bonanza for these younger lawyers, too. My own census among sources at top law firms of salaries and bonuses

being paid by the end of 1977 or the beginning of 1978 to associates just beginning their fourth year out of law school revealed the following incomes for this crop of mostly twenty-eight- and twenty-nine-year-olds: Dewey, Ballantine, Taub, Palmer & Wood: \$36,000; Davis, Polk & Wardwell: \$37,500; Paul, Weiss, Rind, White and Goldman: \$34,000 plus a \$1,500 bonus; Skidmore, Arps, Stone, Meagher & Flom: \$38,900; Cravath, Swaine & Moore: \$36,900 (on a one-half of two weeks' extra pay when they take that standard for vacation and sabbatical). There is also a \$5,000 extra tax bonus for those Cravath people working in White Plains (on the west end of I.M. Avenue). (They also get generous expenses and the free use of a rental car, plus the right for a summer place near the I.M. office.)

The highest fourth-year salary of all seems to be that paid by Weichell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz, the fast-growing midsize Manhattan full-service lawyers and longshore specialists. They're paying fourth-year people a \$40,000 salary, on top of which they can expect a lavish bonus, since last year's fourth-year associates' wage grew a \$25,000 bonus (a year's experience). Figure it: Weichell, Lipton, where everyone seems to be at the office sixty or seventy hours a week, these salaries don't seem to be based on how hard the lawyers work, though at many of the firms, the young associates just seem to be working hard, including many weekends.

In other major cities, salaries for associates in the fourth year seem to be nearly as high, in general, and often higher than those found in the New York firms, though no one matches Weichell, Lipton's largesse. A lawyer at Washington's Arnold & Porter says fourth-year people there might be getting \$35,000 to \$40,000, depending on merit. A lawyer at

Photograph by Matthew Katz

MARCH 11, 1978/ESQUIRE 15



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Originally, you couldn't get real cigarette taste without what has come to be known as tobacco "tar." The problem of reducing this "tar" to 5 mg. while maintaining taste is enormous. That's why when we set out to work, we didn't give ourselves a time limit.

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How were we able to keep the taste on a low "tar" when so many others have failed? Mainly by developing our unique "Total System" in which every part of a Decade cigarette is arranged in perfect balance with each other.

The tobacco, the filter, and even the paper.

Only by concentrating on these parts were we able to perfect the whole.

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Take the tobacco, for example. Its taste schooled by a very unique method called "Flavor Packing" which allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant on each Decade cigarette.

The Filter.

Unique "Taste Channel" gives first puff impact.

Our filtration process also unique. Simply we've created a "Taste Channel" within the filter to give you that first puff impact you've come to expect from only the higher "tar" cigarettes.

The Paper. High porosity paper controls burn rate.

Even our high porosity paper is specifically designed to give an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of "tar."

The result. A completely new kind of low "tar" cigarette.

So as a pack of Decade for yourself. Regular or Menthol. And after one taste we think you'll agree that our last 10 years were well worth the effort.



Regular and Menthol

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MONEY

BY ANDREW TOBIAS



Up the Down Market

How I turned \$10,000 into \$12,711 and retired to a life of leisure

On February 26, 1977, this magazine gave me \$10,000 cash money as the sole condition that I invest it in the stock market and report back on my progress. I got mad at first but then I could start looking the long way in the market, three years later—Federal, state and city—would want to be heard in on the deal which would leave me with something less than \$1,000 to invest. This magazine said, "Never mind that. For the sake of all other funds on the planet, just do it!"—we don't care—just invest the full ten thousand!" Which I did.

In the coming months I was obliged to report in this space, once by June, and I was, when all the safe places were gone, having. Rather than tipping my stake one month only to run it against the next, as one might expect of a good crop share or a commodity trader's account, I refused to get in a couple of hundred dollars, tucked back, and then studied up some more. Like a teacher on a treadmill, the faster I ran the more friction heat I generated—namely, brokerage commissions—and that was all I had to give up. Top. I need what money I needed but I could—naughty, naughty, "naughty"—just—just—just by month the scores grow higher.

And then, this happened in late November. All the little guys and I had been waiting for top to go up as well as the Dow Jones industrial giant's gladdened (periodically) damned.

To the layman this was still boring, he would have said and go at it in earnest. What one can never fully know is how much of his success in the market is luck and how much is skill. The only one you can be sure, and even then not always, is with inside information—and that is neither market luck nor skill but cheating.

My first day fully early, certainly, was a very good day. I knew nothing more about fully. Making sure that the stock had run up too far too fast. For so

three, it was fireworks, a gain in one month of just over twenty seven percent, after paying \$1,261.22 in brokerage commissions. In the same period the Dow Jones industrial average, which had no such commission to pay, was down more than eleven percent.

I decided to quit while I was ahead. I would have had to quit soon anyway, because I figure a new, shorter lead time—a boom in other respects—would have had me buying some obscure little stock one day and the world knowing about it virtually the next. A relatively small number of days my one readers might have had to quit soon anyway, and that, especially given the highly trained ones, I am inclined to choose, could have made my stock picks some what self fulfilling. A wonderful state of affairs for me but not very exciting.

So, on December 1, I took my twenty seven percent and closed the score. Need I tell you that a twenty-seven percent gain in one month is equivalent to thirty-eight percent in a year? Or that thirty-eight percent compounded rates \$10,000 into a quarter million in ten years? (Except that taxes, if we're in the fifty-percent bracket and one's gains are short term, cut the thirty-eight percent into sixteen percent and the quarter million to something under \$60,000.)

Of course, if I thought I could really do this well all the time—and I don't—I would find some. And please to lead by half a million and go at it in earnest. What one can never fully know is how much of his success in the market is luck and how much is skill. The only one you can be sure, and even then not always, is with inside information—and that is neither market luck nor skill but cheating.

My first day fully early, certainly, was a very good day. I knew nothing more about fully. Making sure that the stock had run up too far too fast. For so

apparent reason, the market chose exactly the right moment to agree. I had shorted the stock at 20 1/2 and was able to cover days later at 18 1/2.

My biggest winner, which proves that a stock doesn't have to fly to make you rich, was Morris Shale. I first bought this company in a lot of "leaded" gasoline in London, in 1974, and bought it at 7 1/2. Like so many other companies, Morris Shale had been substantially overlooked in the States (where it traded a high of \$7 1/2) and then irrationally and ridiculously undervalued in the mid-Seventies (when it fell to 1 1/2). With my twenty money I bought a hundred shares at 1 1/2 and a hundred at 1 1/2 and sold them respectively at 2 1/2 and 3 1/2.

I had losses, too, of course, but for once they were overvalued, and I'm not going to talk about them. Screw 'em.

Instead, I will draw two conclusions and make one confession. The first conclusion is that managing money publicly, on whatever scale, is a tough job, even if you know that I had missed. Not because of the risk of loss—I didn't owe a damn about the money—and I don't think many professional money managers do in 100 shares, after all—but because of the risk of being wrong. And in this regard, my being able to quit while ahead gives me a great advantage over the typical fund manager. For him the pressure is always there. I have come away from my ten months of out-to-the-open money management with a heightened appreciation for the men and women who manage the nation's capital—however badly many of them do it.

Announcing the Holiday 88.

Oldsmobile's new idea in sport coupes.



If you still like the idea of a full-sized car but want the look of a sports car, and the feel of driver involvement, then the new Holiday 88 Coupe's for you.

It's a new idea in sport coupes. Holiday 88 comes with level bucket seats, Sports console, T-handle floor shifter, sports steering wheel, Custom wheel covers, Dual sport mirrors. And the special Holiday 88 insignia. And Holiday 88 can't all show. You can make it go with a range of available V8 engines. It is equipped with GM's built-in computer for various drive modes. Your dealer has details. It's also efficient. EPA mileage

estimates are 25 mpg highway, 18 mpg city, and 21 mpg combined, with an available 260 V8 and automatic transmission. (Engine not available in California.) Your mileage depends on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and its age. Holiday 88 is the newest idea in sport coupes. Only at your Olds dealer. Come sit in the driver's seat of this exciting new Olds today!

Oldsmobile
Holiday 88 Coupe
Can we build one for you?



There's a lot of News in Olds today.



THE BODY

BY LESLIE ALDRIDGE WESTOFF



Vas Deferens in Vasectomies

Now the odds for successful vasectomy reversal are in your favor

When Gayle married Don Kelley three years ago, she knew that they would probably never have children. Don had had a vasectomy during his first marriage. Gayle married him anyway and love prospered to the point where Gayle began to want a child by Don. He too began to want one, a desire he had never felt during his previous marriage when he lived had seemed not long more than a responsibility he could live without.

Last May, Don went to another doctor and asked to have the vasectomy reversed. The operation was performed in a hospital under general anesthesia and cost \$1,200, plus about \$300 in hospital fees. (Other surgeons charge anywhere from \$600 up.) Don stayed in the hospital overnight and went home the next day. He wore an antibiotic suppository for two weeks, experienced a little discomfort for a week and was able to have sex without any after surgery.

Although it usually takes from three to eight months to reach the normal sperm count of twenty million per milliliter, four months after Don's reversal operation Gayle became pregnant.

"I asked her why she, who didn't have children, had married a man who might never be able to have them," I asked her," Gayle replied. "I wanted kids because I loved him. I didn't want him because I wanted kids. A year after Don Kelley's vasectomy reversal his child will be born."

There are places in this world where a man's masculinity is measured by the number of children he can sire. Even in this country large families used to be regarded like athletic trophies.

Leslie Aldridge, *Wendy*, a free-lance writer living in Princeton, New Jersey, is the author of *The Second Time Around: Remarriage in America*, which was published by Viking last May.

Many American men no longer need to prove their masculinity in such an expensive way as adding to the population. Now we hear that elite, affluent American men and women have had themselves sterilized so that they can never produce a child. Even more startling, demographers at Princeton University's Office of Population Research have found that surgical sterilization is the most common method of birth control among couples married ten years or longer, as well as among couples of all ages who have as many children as they want. For these people, sterilization beats even the pill.

But among the millions who have chosen not to have children, a new phenomenon is developing: men who change their minds. There have always been the very few who say, "Sorry, I made a mistake when I was young. And a lot of men change their minds because of the death of a wife or a child, but the bulk of growing men and their minority revivals is coming from the relatively new and expanding group of men like Don who have been divorced and remarried, often to a younger woman, and who now see life differently. Men who already have children are usually content to do without additional progeny. But more and more often the wife makes a child because she has never had one or because he craves a living image of her new marriage.

When these eight million men and women abdicated all fertility rights, mostly in the late Sixties and the Seventies, they were counseled as they still are, to consider the operation irreversible. Reversal could occasionally be accomplished, but the success rate was too low to count on. In a survey sent to members of the American Urological Association in 1972, doctors reported success rates of reversing vasectomies (so that pregnancy resulted) ranging from eleven to twenty-six percent. These doctors ex-

plained that after reversal, normal sperm showed up in the ejaculate less than thirty-eight percent of the time.

Now the odds have changed remarkably, that vasectomy need no longer be called irreversible. There is a new technique that has a ninety-five-percent chance of restoring a normal sperm count and a seventy-one-percent chance of producing a pregnancy within two years after the operation. This rate is even higher (over) seventy in the general population, only about eighty percent of all couples, and seventy percent of older couples, trying to conceive achieve pregnancy within a year.

The new technique, which is mentioned in a two-part reversal, was developed by Dr. Sherman J. Silber of St. Louis in collaboration with Dr. Earl Orsini of Amesbury. An able, thirty-six-year-old father of two children, Dr. Silber is this country's leading expert in urological microsurgery. Now at St. Luke's Hospital West, he recently made his mark by doing the world's first testicle transplant on a man who was born without testicles.

The vas deferens, on which the vasectomy is done, is the pipe of tubes that carry sperm down the penis, where it is introduced in the urethra, where during ejaculation it mixes with fluid from the seminal vesicles and prostate. When a man has a vasectomy, the two vas tubes are cut and the ends are cauterized or tied back, interrupting the flow of sperm, which may then be absorbed by the body. The man still ejaculates during orgasm, but there is no longer sperm in the fluid. Traditionally, doctors have tried to re-anastomose the vas by stitching the two ends together. This method usually doesn't work, as the percentage show, and doctors don't often expect it to. When it fails, a doctor is likely to have an "I told you,

Why a Man's Magazine Now? Because There Isn't One, That's Why

Recently we purchased Esquire magazine, which, since it was started almost forty-five years ago, has been one of the finest and most innovative magazines published. It has a great literary and journalistic heritage, a proud tradition of quality writing and reporting and handsome and ground-breaking graphics and visual design. Like any magazine this old (and there are fewer than you might think) whose inherent strength has kept them alive this long, Esquire has gone through many changes over the years, some of them banner-winning glory years and others years during which the magazine was, frankly, almost asleep.

At the time we took over Esquire, we were asked the question "What are you going to do with it?" The answer is, we are taking it back to basics, back to being a *literate, sophisticated and useful man's magazine*. Because there isn't one, and the American man needs one now more than ever before.

The Need

Let us say right away what we do not mean by a "man's magazine": Esquire will certainly not be another *style* magazine. It will deal with the real and rapidly changing world of the American man, the

man who lives in the world of government, business, sports, the arts, and also, simultaneously, in the world of women and children, parents and families.

What are the basics to which we refer? The brilliant founding editor of Esquire magazine, Arnold Gingrich, articulated his editorial philosophy in a famous essay, "The Art of Living and the New Leisure." In it he laid out this groundwork: "The New Deal has given leisure a new economic significance and the five-day week has become not merely every man's right but virtually every man's duty. More time to read, more time to indulge in hobbies, to play, to get out of town... Men have had leisure thrust upon them... Many of them—perhaps even the majority—have not the faintest idea of how to go about it. What more opportune time for the appearance of a new magazine—a new kind of magazine—dedicated to the improvement of the new leisure."

The tale of history proved Gingrich right and the success of Esquire was the result. Now the American man faces a new period in his development. He faces both new challenges and new opportunities. As one of our writers, Norm Ephron, noted: "For ten years all we have been hearing is how tough it is to be a woman. The truth is, it has always been tougher to be a man." With the continuing expansion of the "new

leisure" that Gingrich wrote about and with other enormous political and demographic changes has come a new definition of what it means to be a successful man.

If a similar essay setting out the new Esquire editorial policies were written today, it might be entitled "The American Man and the New Success." Because men are now demanding more out of life than professional success. There is an increasing recognition that life must be better balanced between achievement in their professional and personal lives. In short, the American man is demanding more out of life and yet doesn't quite know how to get it. He is searching for an integration of working and loving, for ways to achieve the traditional goals of professional accomplishment, affluence and respect, along with a richness in his private world. He is expressing a need to break out of conformist career uniforms, to find ways of working and living with the new woman, to show his caring about children and to feel at home in the world.

Man's new role—how it has changed, how it renews its essential strengths—is the focus of the new Esquire.

We intend the new Esquire to be the cutting edge in this search, to act as a forum for the intelligent examination of positive attitudes in the quality of life of the free-setting man.

The Method

We have revitalized Esquire first, by identifying the elements that worked in the old format and strengthening them greatly, next, by getting rid of those parts that were weak and out-of-date.

Esquire will now appear fortnightly. Then, our material will be more timely than that of any monthly and more thorough than that of any weekly.

The new Esquire is easier to carry and easier to read. Articles are shorter and no longer jump to the back of the book. Continuous reading is mandatory for any modern magazine, and if we aspire to anything, it's modernity. So much for mechanics.

The Material

By definition, the male readers of the new Esquire are active, successful decision makers, the elite of American affairs. We will be examining a complex of the kind of man whose life and work and style set standards to be evaluated, whether in business, government, sports, the arts, life in general or the life of the mind. We will be looking for the heroes of today, the exemplars, the men who have made it on their own terms, the men who have beaten the system.

By examining major events and trends through the leaders at the center of today's action, the new Esquire will become, in effect, a new kind of *newsmagazine*. By examining the vital interests of the new man in greater depth than the weekly *newsmagazines* do, the fortnightly Esquire can better serve both the career and personal aspirations of his life.

And by looking up to the excitement of the news, by supplying the kind of information the man not only enjoys intellectually but needs in the conduct of his day-to-day affairs,

Esquire takes on a renewed vitality and importance.

We want to become indispensable. To achieve this, we are going to the right kind of reporters for the right kind of information. For instance, both Richard Reeves and Aaron Latham will report on the national political scene from Washington. Norm Ephron will contribute insights on the national cultural scene from everywhere. Adam Smith, author of *The Money Game* will write about money and power in the world, as will Andrew Tobias, one of the finest business-affairs writers in America. *Passage* author Gail Sheehy will write on behavioral and political subjects. Peter Bogdanovich will write on Hollywood, John Simon on the English language, Roy Andrew de Groot on wine, Stephen Barham on travel, Alfred Kohn on the literary world, plus many more.

Men's service features will take on a new meaning in our pages, based on the conviction that the quality of homelife is very much a joint venture in which the man as every bit as interested, involved and influential as the woman. Each issue will deliver fresh, practical information and content to men on as broad a range of relevant subjects as possible, including home design (Esquire has hired its first home furnishings editor, health and fitness, fashion, grooming, investing, income management, etc. etc.). Of course, Esquire has always been supportive of the arts and will continue to report on, and show in lavish color illustration, the best in cultural activities.

Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Nabokov, Mailer—the list of major writers associated with Esquire goes on and on, and this great fiction tradition will be most enthusiastically carried on. New writing by such eminent authors as Truman Capote, William Styron and others is already in the works. Likewise the writing of newly emerging talents. Esquire will continue to seek them and provide the editorial climate in which they can do their best work.

The Civilizing Function

Since Esquire's inception, its most vital tradition has been to function as the arbiter, knowledgeable magazine that sets and upholds standards by which men live and work. That is, to perform that highest mission of any publication of quality—the civilizing function.

The very name itself, Esquire, connotes the civilized man, the man of rank—the gentleman. Accordingly, the new Esquire takes as its editorial mission the civilizing function for today's professional or managerial man—the new American gentleman.

To become indispensable to him, to become his magazine, Esquire must do no less than become the most interesting magazine for men published anywhere. Which is precisely what we intend to accomplish.

The making of the new Esquire promises to be a most exciting and rewarding adventure, and we cordially invite you to join us in it.

Clay Felker
Clay Felker, editor

Milton Glaser
Milton Glaser, design director



The magazine for the new American man

TAXES

If you still feel an urge to be charitable after realizing how much you've already donated to social welfare, at least make yourself feel good by giving to causes you truly care about.

are foolish and to hell with the supplicant poor. If you pay your taxes, you have taken care of the hungry (dumb stamped the homeless [public housing] and the sick [Medicare and Medicaid]. Then, as the late Louis Rhyne wrote in his last book, *The Big Switch*: your "duty to society is discharged. Use whatever is left over to look out for number one, as author Robert Ringer intelligently puts it: Life is a nasty battle—be nice to yourself. Let charity begin—and end—at home."

Let us even quote Scripture again for my biblical purpose. In Deuteronomy 14:22 a different kind of tithing is commanded: Take ten percent of what you earn and "bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul longeth after: for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth." The inspired authors of the Bible apparently intended such a sponse as an annual celebration of thanksgiving. Another sort of expression of gratitude to the Lord for a

1 See Bergman's use of the pluralist version.

Our present-day Bible: The New York Times concurs. In an editorial concerning the expensive gifts advertised before Christmas last year, the paper acknowledged that the rich have a "philanthropic duty" but it also argued that they are allowed to have something left over to spend as freely as they please. "Who are we, we asked the board of editors, to tell the rich how to spend their money, as long as it is not in socially destructive ways?"

The trouble with a speed-is-all-on-yourself philosophy is that it goes against the engaged. You don't want to already wish things not with Strange who shared that work lives and presents are great enough accommodations for the devious. Besides, you know that charity can supply some human warmth to the old, the sick, the handicapped, the drug addicted, disaster struck and otherwise troubled, which is the needy is a lot different from receiving a bureaucratic institutional computer

printed check. Your conscience still
rattles and you have got to scratch

have a suggestion, if you still feel the need to support the United States and American Heart Association, Salvation Army and other establishments, should really set you duty free to the point of your love leads to whatever you want, duty free to support. Help out a friend, or even a stranger, your heart is as good as yours, even if it's not as ideal as a friend. If you think the down-and-outers are helped by enough agencies, contribute to a shelter, competency at Shakespearian or Whirl, or some other cultural branch that gives you pleasure. Adopt a child or adopt a cause, be it Refugees from Bosnia or the Society for the Rehabilitation of the Deaf, or the National and Corporate Volunteer.

In short, April 15 takes you all the moral high ground, but if you still want to give, give selfishly. Give till it feels good. Which means only from the heart. —

THE THIRD GENERATION MONTE CARLO.
IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES,
APART FROM THE CROWD.

Ihe fact that you paused at this page would seem to indicate that you have an ear for beauty.

A sparkling combination of crisp angles and soft curves, today's Momo Carlo stands proudly apart from the crowd with a poise and personality all its own.

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Now, as before, there is no other car quite like it.

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also find more usable luggage space in the trunk this year.

The car is handsomely furnished and tastefully finished in every detail. From the pull straps on the doors to the thickly carpeted floors, everything is designed for your pleasure, your comfort, your delight.

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Survivors that are recessed to stay
out of your way.

The Third Generation
Monte Carlo
Genuine elegance is a car for
our times.
And refreshingly affordable.



AUTO SHOW

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THE LANGUAGE



"Desire"



"Lust"

Teacher, Heal Thyself

There are teachers of English who could use a few lessons themselves

For us language watchers this has been the winter of discontent. We heard about a number of New York high school principals who were dismissed for illicit sex, samples of their prose reproduced in the press, were truly hair-raising. Even more frightening, though, was the statement from the principals' union to the effect that the delinquent principals were not fired *en* for efficiency, but for greater offenses: "That came the sensational story about President Carter's official interpreter in Poland, who grossly misinterpreted Carter's first words to the Poles. [This may seem to have nothing to do with the issue of the English language, but consider the following from The New York Times of December 3]. [The interpreter] did very well on the difficult confiding examination for both Polish and Russian. He was judged excellent in both languages." Note that "excellent" for someone who proceeded to translate, when I told the U.S. "... when I introduced the U.S. ... your streets for the future ... 'your love for the future.' ... Painsly County as 'Painsly County' and so on. A serious student of linguistics, excellent whether in Polish or in any other language."

Previously, in late November, the National Council of Teachers of English held its sixty-seventh convention in New York, and there were some rather extraordinary incidents. One entirely serious was devoted to the "Literature and Life of Adolescence." Making with a sharp, likely courage for chairman? an avowed chair to lesser prize of literature? a recorder, and two speakers with identical topics ("Literature and Life of Adolescence: Morning—For Adolescence Use is all coming from the Penn State Fayette campus. Why, one wonders, was this session held in New York City rather than on

Pennsylvania State's Fayette campus? There were any number of reasons on teaching writing fiction and sports writing the N.C.T.E. membership by the way, comprises elementary, secondary, and university teachers; there were several sessions for fiction and gay (an unfortunate neologism deployed by most civilized homosexuals) writers; and about gay literature, and there was, moreover, a great deal of jargon in the very titles of sessions and individual presentations, e.g., "misrepresented students," "curriculum models," "visual literacy" and so on.

Among my favorite speech titles were "Multiple Meaning of Words or Magic Poems on the Spoken Pages of Newspapers," by Y.Y. Yuen; "New Year's Day: Far and in Deep: A Responsive, Coherent Approach to Science Fiction," "Significance and Impact of Hales's Rules in American Culture," "Some Sex Relationships in The Contemporary Novel for Adolescents," "The Future Application of Television: Reading," "Aggression—Literature for Youth That Provides a Positive Portrayal of Senior Citizens," this paper by a college professor explores the six-page term "aggression" (What does it mean? "Aggression" seems to have come on the leading verge word of our educators, suggesting that the classroom has become a battlefield, perhaps a more appropriate title would have been "Today's Struggle in a Tragedy").

What would Carlyle and Arnold do, pull two great names out of the hat to have made of "Developing Language Arts Communication Skills Through Literary Strategies"? A good many titles were scarcely better than gibberish. But

I suppose the most repeating and one some might have heard the one entitled "Teaching Reading to College Students: where, I assume, 'reading' meant nothing but a 'close' reading, i.e., a textual explication) but simply one of the three I've

Yet why should college students know English when their teachers don't? In the particular session I disliked, the first speaker was Professor Marlene W. Davis of Illinois College in Benton University (Ill.), one of whose first utterances (she had just returned from the women's conference in Houston) was "We were really into an exciting experience in Houston. The rest of her talk was on the history of literacy. The next speaker, Dr. Jerome Cobb, head of the Detroit public-school system in Michigan (Ph.D.), began with the statement "I really pondered with that problem. Personally she referred to the language of whatever session that is repeating. And so it went. In a place of black rubber flooring from the floor, the militant Professor Geneva Smithman of Wayne State University said, among other things, "the metaphor looks to me more discreditable and 'that some type of alien effect' the point of her talk was that so called correct English is merely a capitalist maneuver to keep the undereducated in their place, and I must admit that her English showed how, if any teacher of such capitalist indoctrination.

Harvard has to take some credit for the literacy—or illiteracy—of Geneva Smithman's former Harvard instructor, and it is in the January February issue of *Harvard Magazine* that I find one Josh Rubin writing as follows: "What [the [illegible]] worked are writers, vicious attacks of them. Now it is bad enough not to know that. What, in subject, takes the singular verb, whether the complementary verb be singular or

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THE LANGUAGE

phoned (Erica Pennington, *Owner and Advisor*), but guarantee italicized is considerably worse yet.

Then there was the December 11 issue of *The New York Times Magazine*, the most heavily edited section of the Sunday paper), where in mid-air the career story on Jane Quintano by Richard Gelfond, the wife of one of the editors, that Quintano "sometimes believes as though he is a character in an O'Neill play." I do not wish to raise here the whole squalid question of the subsequence in English, so let me merely cite Fowler's example: "It is not as though there has been a revolt and a superior. And, in place of him, in the only right English—"As if," so though take the subsequence or conditional, not the present indicative. What I wonder has become of this useful but of course formerly inculcated in all high school students: "A statement contrary to fact takes the conditional." Of course, it is inadequate these days to prohibit the death of the subsequence with its irregularly passive can not be passed by "as though he is a character."

But what am I talking about? Grammar is, high school? Ridiculous! Can you, after all, what is happening in colleges and universities? Take the case of Dr. Campbell Tatham, tenured professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. He declares: "It seems pretty clear that the students don't write—or speak—in some cases. Sometimes they are illiterate in writing and incoherent in talking. But these are not as serious as I must vary much. What are the areas he stresses? (All that follows derives from Joe McNulty's fine article in *The Milwaukee Journal* of last October 24 sent to me by a reader, John M. Olson.)

It seems that a typical class in a Tatham English course addresses itself to a John Barth theme. Everything from the photograph of Buz in the Latin notice is scrutinized. Then the using Carver is subjected to a replication de texte with regard to Barre's relationship with Barb Dylan. Other required texts include poems by Auden, Brower, John Mitchell, Cid Sorens, Leonard Cohen, Paul Simon, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and Dylan. Besides this course, entitled "The Poetry of Contemporary Song Lyrics," Tatham offers one on the literature of the racial and sex-ethnic conflict. "Music theory" is held as an examination of male stereotypes. He says that he seldom teaches the same course twice, because he'd rather teach things he doesn't know about. And he has "songs as self-defense" about these courses. A few "songs" reads is the English department—"so it is parading. But," says Tatham, "I've got errors. People are less likely to handle me."

He wouldn't use the term "method." "It sounds like [er] I know what I am

talking about. I don't. I think confusion is a very healthy state. The approach is random: the unexpected always welcome. Thus the class will discuss Dylan's relationships with women (mostly unsuccessfully as described in the songs). Abandoned by his wife, the multi-instrumental coming Dylan will "have to confront the woman in himself." That is the ultimate goal in class, too. "For every student to confront the masculine and feminine sides in themselves [er]."

A graduate accompanying the *Journal* story shows Dr. Tatham, a soft-faced young man with little of hard understanding. His deep, bearded fingers curl and squiggle around a cigarette held occasionally aloft in his soulful eyes, through modified granny glasses, custom-physics confronts his other: masculine or feminine, side—but is hard to say which.

Campbell Tatham confuses grades and doesn't care if students don't know whose conduct penmanship. His aim is to "hurt" and "shock them into thinking." My own goal is to change them rather than teach them how to write a complete sentence. But is there a teacher and more radical way of changing most of them, I wonder, than teaching them how to write a complete sentence? As Dr. Tatham sees it, however, "I don't think anything is essential. If people are interested in it, it will be taught. These things matter so long as there are students who want them. That's the criteria [er]." What would have become of Western culture long ago. I ask, if the students choose but generated the curriculum? Mine is the point, what will happen now that the students' desires do increasingly govern it? Dr. Tatham doesn't even notice a major self-contradiction: how can you really change students by giving them what they already know or will pick up on their own—Barb Dylan, and the rest? Can you imagine what will become of students trained of that is the world in such Mickey—sorry, Mickey and Maria like feminine side must be confronted!—More common taught by someone whose own language is subordinate? Campbell Tatham may become the best that inside Milwaukee infamously.

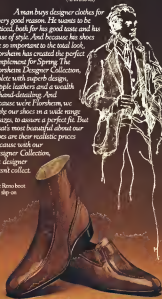
We need to deplore the passing of the strong for excellence from the American scene. But who even remembers how excellence tasted? After all, Camer's Polish interpreter was judged "excellent" by his superiors. Excellent, pretty much dead and when under the popovers? "Children" became harmful. It was replaced by competence. But, in Professor William A. Bennett, a language at C.U.N.Y., writes me, the present lowering of intellectual and academic standards continues: "I'm not sure it's an overstatement." What has become of us is no longer exceptionally competent. Even as heard, standards have been lowered. ☐

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ESQUIRE

The Last Angry Men

by Richard Reeves

I began a search for heroes—for men who stood up to the system. I wanted to find out why they did it, what they accomplished



"Hey, Dick," I asked my friend Richard Cohen, "whatever happened to that guy Hanftman?"

"I don't know," he said.
"Did he go back to the Post?"
"No."

Cohen obviously did not want to talk about John Hanftman. They had been friends, pretty close for a couple of years when it lay some undisciplined young reporters inventing Maryland politics to gether for *The Washington Post*. Cohen had gone on to become a capsule reporter and columnist. Hanftman became assistant Maryland editor. They parted ways on October 1, 1973, when the *Post's* pressman vandalized the paper's pressroom and went on strike. Cohen crossed the picket line and went to work. Hanftman did not.

Nobody I knew at the *Post* seemed to want to talk about the strike in general or Hanftman in particular. I began asking out of vague curiosity. I had never met the man. Friends just changed the subject usually shilling their piece to something up

National editor Richard Reeves, who is based in Washington, D.C., has a retro three-hole on American politics.

my left shoulder. When was going on? All I knew was that he was one of the reporters who had said that they could not stand by if management brought in strikebreakers to replace the pressmen—but a lot of reporters, some of whom worked at the beginning of the strike and some of whom didn't. I had read the story there. What I didn't find out until later was that Hanftman was the only one who meant it. "Everyone here on both sides has something to be ashamed of," one friend said. "Everyone except Hanftman." The strikebreakers came and he was the only reporter who gave up that kind of career because

Because... why? Because of a principle? A thousand men and women can live with crossing a line—in this case a picket line—but one will not. He makes what the price. Maybe he was just a cat—beyond my levels at the *Post* looked away from the subject of Hanftman, a couple made it something about his being "a little crazy." Maybe they all were, the angry ones. Even Flood was bonafide. Ernest Fitzgerald blowing the whistle at the Pentagon. Frank Johnson making the whole state of Alabama shut down two twenty years. There must be others, but the list is

short—there are not many that brave to the level of the five.

The price, I thought, must be very high. It must cost as much as I had imagined. While I was looking for Flood, the little St. Louis outfielder who used to pitch around baseball over the reserve clause in 1968, a friend of his told: "Maybe you should leave him alone. Look, he was on some thing very big and it broke him." Being curious about John Hanftman because a search for heroes—let me a who stand up to the system. I wanted to find out why they did it, what happened to them, what they accomplished. What I found out seemed anything at first, if you look the system, you are almost inevitably going to be destroyed. The men I searched out lost jobs and friends, endured a high-pressure, low-basis punishment by death threats and bombings. Some of their children ended up deeply disturbed and one a suicide. All of that came to mean almost predestined: to keep the rest of us in line, established power had to make hard examples of those who dared to challenge the order of things. In the end, though, it wasn't so. Because some of us would not sell. Because some of us had the will measure of

Refusing a trade in 1970, Flood stated a rather basic principle, one with more than a few echoes in American history: I am a man, not a consignment of goods to be bought and sold."

freedom that came with the city chance that we might be the next to stand up.

Joye Hester has fondly looked like the one guy who would stand up. But he didn't look crazy. He was just a slight, bearded thirty-nine-year-old man who gave up a \$30,000-a-year job near the top of his profession because he believed in something more. "No matter how important they are, the money and the money are the only causing men workers have to get a fair share from management. If I crossed that picket line, I would have tried the balance slightly more in favor of management and I couldn't do that."

It can't be. Hester lives only a few blocks from me in Washington. He's a different kind of neighborhood. His house cost him \$17,500 four years ago in one of the most inflated real estate markets in the country. Still, the mortgage, taxes, and utilities cost \$750 a month. He made less than \$15,000 in 1977—half his 1975 earnings—from some free-lance writing and study projects for a union and a company, adding nothing like a salary. There's no money now for the renovation he and his wife, Debby, began when he was at the Post. The odds and odds are exposed and Hester's career dreams are done to learn in the first.

"The money part is tough, but you just look back. A friend Fitzgerald told me. When the Air Force threatened his job as deputy for management systems in 1969, he was making \$11,000 a year. He decided about \$28,000 a year for the next four years while he went to get his job back eventually agreed that his dismissal was contribution for testing before Congress that cost certainly might reach \$2 billion on Kennedy's C-141. He decided to simply believe in the first principle of the truth."

He proved this point in court and the Air Force was forced to give him back an official salary and not just a right to ignore him. But that's not always easy because Fitzgerald is a gorgeous man who looks to play Alabama country boy.

"Hi, Whaley," he said to a barely nodding man in his white coat out of the Pentagon's general mess. "Who's that?"

"Ran Deveshew," Fitzgerald said. He used to be my military assistant, he was also T-1, one of the informants listed in the Office of Special Investigations reports when they were not trying to prove I had a conflict of interest or was homosexual or something. Deveshew was a casual then. He was a major general and budget director of the Air Force. Talk about everyone else involved in everything. Fitzgerald's career, including Deveshew, Secretary Harold Brown, who was then the Secretary of

the Air Force—Deveshew has since done very well for himself.

"I didn't get it at first," Fitzgerald said. "I had made more than thirty thousand dollars a year as a consultant before coming to the Air Force in 1963. My old clients wouldn't talk to me in 1970. Some body finally told me that I was blacklisted in the defense business. They told me I should open a gas station if I wanted to work."

Blacklisting is in the frequent night-mare of Carl Flood. Money is too, even though he wishes that he put some once in a while. "I spent days in one of the back court facilities in the entire history of the business that only until the Great American Pastime. He's a man and he has not really worked for the past two years, but since spending \$140,000 in real fees and retirement money from five football years in Europe. When he wants to work in is baseball—"C'mon, I'm just a jack—but he is convinced that he is the last man baseball will ever touch. He was made in a scandal of a every day—the black man who used professional baseball over his legal slavery, the reserve clause. When his suit was filed in 1966, the clause finally bound each player to one team—the clause could not be used after that. He was the last man to leave the game."

Flood left in 1970, refusing a trade from the St. Louis Cardinals to the Philadelphia Phillies. He stated a rather basic principle, one with more than a few echoes in American history. "I am a man, not a consignment of goods to be bought and sold."

The United States Supreme Court ruled two years later that that was true: athletes you were a baseball player. He left, but the Flood case did help set in motion a series of events that won those rights for other men, people like Reggie Jackson, who was able to sell his talents to the New York Yankees for \$500,000 a year. But by that time Carl Flood was home alone in Alameda, California.

"Please please don't come out here," he said when I knocked him by telephone.

Don't bring a all up again. Please. Do you know what I've been through? Do you know what it means to go against the game in this country? Your neighbors have you. Do you know what it's like to be called the little black son of a bitch who used to despise baseball, the American Pastime?"

We talked and finally he agreed to meet me at a junior high school in Sacramento. A friend had asked him to speak at a Martin Luther King Day assembly. Most of the kids did not know who he was and asked the questions you'd expect. How many years did you play with the Cardinals? What was your lifetime batting av-

erage? How many homers did you hit? How many World Series did you play in? What was the most money you made? Twelve. 290. No money. Three, against Boston, New York and Detroit. A homered and ten thousand dollars the last year. But a fourteen-year-old midget called Miyazaki did know what Carl Flood had done. What did the free agent say, Carl? Do they write you to thank you or call?

No, Flood said. "No one has called. At that moment, he looked very alone and small. He is only five feet nine and his athletic stardom must have been clove over his head. And he must often feel that way. When he talked about the owners of baseball, Flood said: "I suddenly realized that it was just me against nineteen million business. For a long time, he looked into the camera, he was looking down, then said, "The first trade in New York lasted six weeks. No one showed up. Not one ballplayer came. My team must have been wrong. I teamed with Stan Geben for ten years. Maybe I wouldn't have showed up either. I would have been afraid, too."

That isolation in a more fortunate place than the money. The Americans know exactly what they are doing when they "shoot a brother" to do the Russians when they make a consignment, a consignment. Fitzgerald remembered the moment he returned to his office after testifying about the Lockheed cover-up. There were the beginnings of a small pile of call-logs on his secretary's desk—one of the canceled invitations to a meeting party or dinner. Hester looked down at his shoes when he talked about one old friend, Carl Bernstein, naming and waiting, but the Flood case did help set in motion a series of events that won those rights for other men, people like Reggie Jackson, who was able to sell his talents to the New York Yankees for \$500,000 a year. But by that time Carl Flood was home alone in Alameda, California.

"Please please don't come out here," he said when I knocked him by telephone.

Don't bring a all up again. Please. Do you know what I've been through? Do you know what it means to go against the game in this country? Your neighbors have you. Do you know what it's like to be called the little black son of a bitch who used to despise baseball, the American Pastime?"



Carl Flood, former St. Louis Cardinal outfielder, is his sport lover, fighting baseball a regular thing. He is in a lovely San Francisco.

His only son, Johnny, once said: "You have no idea what it's like being Frank Johnson's son. . . ."
A year after he said that, Johnny Johnson committed suicide in his father's guarded home.

twenty-two years, since he gave Martin Luther King Jr. his first victory, adding that a black woman named Rosa Parks could sit anywhere he wanted to on a Montgomery bus. That and a hundred to tally unpopular decisions like it did not cost Frank Johnson any money. But it twice may have cost him agreement to the United States Supreme Court because of the lively opposition of the Alabama congressional delegation and it may have cost him much more. His only son, Johnny, who was harassed in classrooms and on the street all through school, once said: "You have no idea what it's been like being Frank Johnson's son. . . . There has always been something to learn on an edge. A year after he said that, Johnny Johnson committed suicide in his father's guarded home. Johnson does not like to talk about himself, but his friends explain him by pointing to a three-word sentence he once gave when asked about principle: "Follow the law. He is a Republican and has never been involved in crime or anything like it when he was appointed a federal district court judge by President Eisenhower in 1955. He died with the doctor that eventually filled his pockets in troubled times—eliminating the Alabama suit and stabilizing the rule-book power of justices of the peace, reappointing the state legislators, interpreting the state police. And they lived in his far it.

The troubles—and tensions, if it is that—escalated gradually. In 1962 Fitzgerald says that the people who hate him, have forgotten that he did not exactly move into a living room in the New Senate Office Building, denouncing that the government closed up waste in defense spending. He was asked directly, by Senator William Proxmire about the accuracy of congressional reports that the CIA was running \$2 billion over Air Force cost estimates. Oklahoma's Ed Fitzgerald walked bareheaded for a few sentences and concluded: "Your figure could be approximately right."

Harmon sure is hell over it and is said to take on The Washington Post all by himself. He was not another guy, a member of the Newspaper Guild who avoided the union's boring, internally politicized meetings, who the tangled history of confrontation between management and Local 5 of the Newspaper and Graphic Communications Union came to involve in 1975. After busting up the procession, more or less depending on which side's damage estimates one chose to believe, and beating up a fireman, the president threw his picket line against the Post's beatings. Alvin Karpis, Alvin Karpis called his boss and said: "I can't cross a

picket line.

There was no easy decision for reporters, many of whom had always been pretty sympathetic in spring suits for the strawdaddy against capitalist oppressors. The Washington Post was local of the Guild vouch to honor the picket line along with fifteen hundred members of craft unions, while the Post and voted to cross the line. More than five hundred Guild members went in and about three hundred stayed out, including fifty reporters and editors. Like most reporters, he once who stated that probably had no great love for the Guild but were grateful for the wages and working conditions it had won in an industry where company benevolence was increasingly tested by the number of young people who wanted reporting jobs and were willing to do them for less than the people who had them percolated at a glamour paper like the Post. Joseph Mastaglio, a fifty-four-year-old writer in the paper's Style section, was harassed by scores of soldiers and passing soldiers he had seen in a child outside Boston. "I had to decide," Mastaglio said, "between pulling my kids out of college and kicking myself the rest of my life." He did walk through the picket line, then ran—ran into a man's room and threw up.

Inside the building, Katharine Graham, the publisher, her executives and the approximately five hundred Guild members made their own attempt, and successful, effort to get the newspaper out without the craft unions. There were it turned out, at least a dozen occasion presence in the building and a handful of occasions actually trained to run encampments three years at Southern Production Program Inc. in Oklahoma City. A faculty lawsuit, or notorious, in the newspaper business at Stanford University. Ten weeks after the strike began the Post announced an end to its union permanent motion pictures at the time six dollars an hour and assign them to motion picture crews, compared to the nine dollars an hour and twelve-man crews of the union. The Post, in its own statements, was requiring control of its own property from thugs, in the language of organized labor, it was buying a union. For John Harmon, it was only a matter of time before he had to decide whether to keep his job or his resolve.

Fitzgerald knew that much on November 25, 1968, twelve days after he testified before Congress Joint Economic Committee. He received a "total status of personnel action" that day stating that the earlier decision that the Post was a union was "a mistake." The first and only error at its kind in Air Force history, according to

later court testimony. What he did not know yet was that members were already being prepared for Secretary Harold Brown to get rid of him. On this a memo in the Secretary's office on the day of his back sitting was headed: "Re Fitzgerald getting his goat" and included these exonerating remarks: "Proper blood responses." Fitzgerald, who was then forty-two years old, had struck deeper than he knew into the inner life of the federal military industrial complex. By exposing cost overruns, he was attacking the seemingly built-in financial charged by defense contractors. What this meant was deeply explained to him once by an Air Force general: "Look, Fitzgerald. Air going to start in a year or two and I'll require most of same contractor's overhead. If I cut overhead allowances, I'll be eating up my throat."

He was going to be hit hard and the people doing a work going to laugh at newspaper patronism over who the Pentagon would make a martyr of.

What they did was good sound management practice. Fitzgerald told me one year later in his apartment office: "They were offering an option lesson to everyone else. They got to make an example of people who get out of line. They break it in business schools—consuming by choice. They can say whole blowing is wonderful as long as they show what happens to people who

Management called Curt Flood on October 8, 1969. The man on the phone was Jim Toomey, assistant to the general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals of the National League. "Curt, you've been traded to Philadelphia," he said. "Vase McCaver, Hoerner and Byron Browne, for Richie Allen, Coskie Raps and Jerry Johnson. Good luck, Curt. Only he thought he would just sit in—he was thirty-two and might have only two or three good years left—but on December 31, he decided to sue, sending a letter to baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn that said: "I do not feel that I am a piece of property to be bought and sold irrespective of my wishes." Kuhn answered: "I certainly agree with you that you as a human being, are not a piece of property to be bought and sold." However, I cannot see its application to the situation at hand.

He spent the summer of 1970, in his words, "beating and hounding"—and watching his case and his career moved through the federal judiciary to the Supreme Court. It was destined to end up there because what Flood was challenging was baseball's unique conception from U.S. national laws, an exemption



John Harmon, a socialist, lives in the picket line, with his wife and children in his heavily fortified Washington home.



Charles Press, editor of The Washington Monthly, in his home—which is heavily fortified to fend off his crawling magazine.

Getting Away from It All with Billy Kidd

Photographs by Co Rentmeester

When a ski-resort director needs to take a day off, naturally he goes cross-country skiing—and it helps to be dressed for it



Five a.m. in Telluride. Billy Kidd's bare arms (and his usual ski pants) feel warm, which requires 77,000 little hairs at 40

The sun is not yet up over Italian Ski Pass, high in the Colorado Rockies, but already there is a commotion on a frozen slope just a few hundred yards off U.S. Route 40. Five men, tightly wrapped in wool, fur and down against the ten-degree cold, are engaged in an unlikely, comical struggle with twelve hundred square yards of grain and puffin polyester, forty-three-pound prepackaged tanks, a gas-powered inflator, snowblows, some loose skis and ski boots and a one-handed dilly-dally ski-carriage that, under duress, will lift former world champion skier Billy Kidd and his Swedish pilot, Jan Arvidson, so the chopper can twelve thousand feet above Steamboat Springs, from this height, all the powder heaving and heeling and grinding will seem wickedly manmade stuff. Here is where the adventure begins.

Bullhorn have been with us since 1783. They have been used for purposes sacred and profane, to smuggle Gumbos out of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War, to protect London from the Luftwaffe during the blitz, to discover the vinosphere, to drop hang gliders from thirty-eight thousand feet over California. There are 107 registered hot-air balloons in the United States. This one is being used as a kite. A balloonist enters at the mercy of the winds, so you're never exactly sure where you'll land. But then, of course, there is the sensation of the thing, which, when the four a.m. wake-up call is not quite desirable.

With a swoosh and a roar, Steve Post, as its owner calls the balloon because of its great heat, slows a cloud of high blue smoke, trees, and Billy Kidd is off like a going cross-country skier, alone. The airship, winds permitting, will set him down about ten miles east of Steamboat Springs. He will have an easy day along snowboard trails. At night he will pitch a tent about two miles from Steamboat, and he will be back home for

breakfast early the next day. If you are Billy Kidd, this kind of take-alone is not so easy to come by.

None out of ten Coloradans use the same two words to describe anything that goes on within their state. The words are "out there." Billy Kidd does not use the term himself, but he is, as they say, out there. What does he do for a living, he is asked. "I'm director of skiing for Steamboat," he says. "But that's just a fancy title for hanging around." It is a little more complicated and busier than that.

He is thirty-four, husky-faced, a neophyte married to a beautiful young woman, and the father of a year-old son. He wears a small gold ring in his ear, the only one of its kind in Poudre River when he drinks "too much," which ruins said his trademark, a daisy-cut hat with a band of pheasant feathers and a turquoise stud. He won a silver medal for the slalom in the 1964 Olympics, and in 1970 was both world amateur and professional champion.

The title, director of skiing, means that he is Steamboat's resident celebrity. To return for his salary, he seems to have two daily duties: mingling and skiing with the public in one a clock on Mount Werner, and carrying skis and poles about Steamboat. After seven years of this, certain routines set in. Finding a driveway at the most breathtaking ski runs in the world—in Chile, Switzerland, Iran—is he quickly adds, "Of course, there's no skiing in the world like the Colorado Rockies." It is a craft to Billy's shame that this manager to sound more matter-of-fact than Madison Avenue.

Steamboat's director of skiing also designs and tests skis for them. This summer he went down to Portland, Chile, to test a special aluminum honeycomb design. During the fall, he lectures at ski shops, clubs and shows around the U.S., discussing the virtues of Steamboat and the Rockies in that order. Sometimes he is up in Montana, coaching winter race camps. Recently he was in Japan coaching a Japanese college team and scheduling Mount Fuji. In January he went to Garmisch, Iran, to ski with the emperor and his children.

Other projects include directing a three training program for eight to thirteen-year-olds, doing race commentary for ABC's World of Sports, driving snowmobiles for television, advertising a White Cat catanzano down Mount Werner as a promotional visit, trying to ski down a mound of crushed ice and a hundred pounds of (granite) Steamboat Springs powder snow in Central Park, New York, for a Teller show spot, writing a book entitled *Ski in Six Days*, working on getting a People's Republic of China ski team to the 1980 Olympics, plotting the descent of Mount Kilimanjaro, and getting up at six hours for magazine fashion-shooting sessions. All this, and making

five-thirty a.m. lift-off. With a pre-sunrise wind blowing, the sun struggles to push balloons for descent. The pilot, perched in the seat of the carriage, allows the blower to rise the stage of the balloon and then blasts away like the secret power of a B-72.





Seize a-m-i-Airborne. Avid's balloon, Sweet Pea, is left, passes another member of the Balcon Research fleet, Baby, near Sleeping Giant Mountain outside Stroudsburg Springs. The Bal-

con Research, a fully equipped resort, is based near Del Norte, in northern Colorado during most of the year (tel. 303/256-2533). From January until early March, when the snow is best for

cross-country skiing, the balloons make a winter headquarters in Stroudsburg Springs. A new line ride in Sweet Pea or Baby costs \$45. For reservations, call owner David Lewis at 303-

879-4101. Winter ballooning has two major advantages: the cooler air is more stable and less prone to thermals; also, a balloon can sit a while down on unfused, pristine snowfields.



Right a.m.: Landing. Kald's game-down vest, \$40, is available at most branches of Men's World of Sporting Goods stores, as well as at The North Face, located in Berkeley, California.



Right-Phase a.m.: Pick wears Timberland 8-eye-wool water-proof boots, ideally suited for use in deep snow. They have Vibram wedge soles: cost \$100 at all Bloomington's stores.

Steepfoot flares, in work—no matter if it makes you look of grass with navy.

The balloon that takes him away from his particular region drifts off toward the continental divide. The ground crew—rehearsed, contemplating the preposterous sight of the round, gaudy, swollen thing set against the simple postwork of Sleeping Giant Mountain—pour Kald's and coffee to get blood flowing through cold limbs.

Looked at from the carriage of a hot-air balloon, the world is halcyon, innocent. A plane waves to let it get up the drizzle, but a balloon travels at the speed of the prevailing wind. The sea is now up over the Rockies, and the Yampa River valley below looks like a U.S. Geological Survey map. Kald's is with similar truckloads of horses on the way to slaughter, a trout hatchery, the golf courses. A-frame, shacks, trailer parks, squares, quarries, human grazing on hills of hay, black Angus herds, pineapples. A car sits half-submerged in the frozen Yampa. A six-loomotive Rio Grande freight train sounds a bell, horns wailing. A two-engine Nakko, having cleared an island pattern, banks in closer for a peek at the balloon. There's not as all planned. It comes too close, within thirty yards. To the southwest, off toward Crystal Lake, there is a "chomping" and an explosion of noise as a Stearman du patrol team sets off an aviator's with a dynamite charge. Overhead, at forty thousand feet, two F-16 jet interceptors from Peterson Air Force Base cut vapor trails through a perfect dark-blue sky. It is early morning now. America is busy.

Undoubtedly, this inhospitable perch can be the most peaceful place on earth. Provided certain things do not happen. One is thermals. Thermals are vertical updrafts of air caused by warm air rising off the ground. They play havoc with balloons. But a thermal and you can go from an altitude of fifty feet to a thousand feet in a minute. Undoubtedly, the miles below are nervous, today nothing of passengers. Today, thermals will be no problem. As long as there's snow on the ground, the earth stays cool and doesn't generate currents of warm air.

Another kind of nuisance to avoid in a balloon lot is any other aircraft, come to think of it in high-season when the towers speak of high-season visits, and avoid the almost forty-eight visit-to-phone line, the way runners speak of reels, oval heads, point squid. On this trip to Mount National Forest, Billy Kald and his are not worried about the high-season towers below, which look too much like mountain tractor cars to be menacing. But on another occasion, the ride was less serene.

Elly, his pilot and another passenger were quietly floating down to earth at the end of a joyride. It was one of those days ideal for ballooning, or anything: a brace of wind with a gorgeous sky affable, a Colorado winter sunset. Then everything changed, becoming remarkably unkind back, so they realized they had come to rest on power lines. Sparks flew off the bottom of the carriage. The passenger made ready to jump. There was a bad sound, fitting and crackling. With maybe seconds to go before the entire basket and balloon ignited, the pilot ripped off his thick leather World War II aviator's jacket, wrapped it around his hands, reached over and grabbed the wire to free it from the carriage.

"I felt the whole scene going up my arm," the pilot said later. "But it's going right through me." According to the Stearman Sports utility company, that has carries sixty-two thousand

Nine a.m.: Stearman sound. Roared, swayed with back punch jerks is by Robert Buck for Cowley, Roads, \$75, or all Bloomington's stores. Over all socks \$19.95 brown cardigan sweater, \$29.75, freckle-and-very-dark green, \$12.50, all there available from E.L. Bean Inc., Portland, Maine. Country shirt and pants by Truck. Glasses by Scott U.S.A.





Three p.m.: Crossing paths. For miles from Steamboat, Kald's path crosses that of fellow skiers in full stride.



Six p.m.: Warning. Kald sets a camp where even with a fresh snow. His path crosses the trail leading and chance of gear.

vols. His body had been grounded and it had been raining. The pilot would have looked like a piece of overcooked bacon.

That, however, is another story. The morning before has carried the balloon over a field near the continental divide. Billy Kald is out, boots his pack containing just enough for the next twenty-four hours: cheese, bread, sugar, coffee, vitamins, a tent, sleeping bag, change of clothes. It is quiet in these woods. Soon Kald is back again and Billy is off on a trail that, unlike the high-speed downhill courses of his racing days or the crowded public slopes of Mount Werner, cuts gently through a stand of aspen and evergreens, gradually back to Steamboat.

There is a line from Fred Esley's novel, *A Fox's Nose*, describing a man's ride: "it is too lovely, too consolatory to exclude." It begins to experience the oddly comforting sensation of ascending to the very top of the world, of rising to some place apart from the drif of concerns and harsh sorrows of men, to a glacial and spiritual haven where a man, having been hard used by the world or by his own hard might, might go and ask himself where things had gone wrong.

—Christopher Buckley

Six a.m.: Early start. Cross-country, such as manufactured by A.M.F. (Mond Sportswear). The All-purpose blue park coat 372 is a product of Carlin's Mountaineering and is available at Sierra Designs, Berkeley, California. Socks are by Hugs and





Want To Start A War?

by Anthony Sampson

Sam Cummings, king of the small-arms trade, is able to supply everybody, so the killing can begin

His style is as conservative as the immediate and loved that one might guess, if he were put up in a desecrated story that there was something wrong with about him. He has the appearance of a slightly-hand schoolboy, with a bowtie, and he looks much younger than his fifty years. He talks quietly and continuously, making cozy references to his family life. He does not smoke or drink, and he likes to dress in a clerical dark suit, white shirt and conservative tie. He travels as little as possible, economy class. He enjoys making judicious, and gives, unapologetically, with an intense, barely laugh that is hard to resist. He is clearly a well-rehearsed personality, the practiced ease of the salesman. Not many people would guess that this is the most successful dealer in small arms in the world—Sam Cummings. The dean of the profession.

Of course, as Cummings is the first to point out, his own business is but a small fraction of the total world arms trade and has little to do with the gross profits in the sales of advanced weaponry that has revolutionized the economies of California and Connecticut and built up immense defense armaments in Iran and Saudi Arabia.

Small Arms by Anthony Sampson's book of the world arms trade. The Arms Dealer, now published last year by Viking.

Arms experts from the United States worth \$2.3 billion a year, consist primarily of aircraft, missiles and electronics systems, which are outside Cummings' range; the most important arms sales today, in a commercial sense, are not individual weapons like Cummings but government services in the Pentagon or in foreign ministries of defense, or vice presidents of aerospace corporations. The selling for a major modern armament is not an old bulk, unloading crates in night time, a darkened wharf but in a bright room in which an Ambassador is welcomed with a glass of brandy by a minister of defense or tightly by officials where long technical negotiations take place between civil servants and aerospace executives.

But to understand the real workings and meanings of the arms trade, it is revealing to look at the more personal and comprehensive inside of Sam Cummings. In the first place, in the armed or so wars since the Second World War, small arms have been responsible for most of the killing. Whatever the actual horrors that can be achieved by fighters, bombers and missiles, it is the machine guns, machine and old-fashioned rifles that are still the most practical and available weapons in the third world countries that have fought in most of those wars (see box on next page).

In the second place, Sam Cummings is a global entrepreneur and broker who by

the nature of his operation, enjoys a much wider perspective than the big deal businessmen. He sits in the center of a spider's web, its threads some reveal the world, and some for the orders and inquiries that whether he can satisfy them or not provide him with a constant sense of the world's tensions and excitements of war. Thus placed, he feels to explain only the human folly that has been responsible for his fortune.

Cummings surveys the cold facts of a business in which diplomatic tensions and decisions are translated into order books, balance sheets and soaring profits. It is hard that the day-to-day juxtaposition of death and commerce seems most casual, where the sale of guns seems to bustle on any other business. It is perhaps Cummings' most remarkable achievement that with his cool and gentlemanly style he makes the business of killing seem boring.

Here in America, Cummings has an English grandfather and an English passport. He married a Swiss woman and has four daughters by her. His mother, Carole, whom he has his headquarters, he leads a properly Monégasque life. He is an honorary president of the Caribbean de Monaco and regularly does his rifle practice on the Monaco range with his wife and daughters. But his family cannot ignore the raw privilege of Monégasque citizenship and there is a certain joy

Opposite page: Sam Cummings (left) in Monaco. Above: He is seen among the ornaments of the Grimaldi Palace

Photograph by Eric Amal/Mapam

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Knight of Arms

It is appropriate that Sam Cummings should have his headquarters in Monte Carlo in the tiny principality of Monaco, which has a notorious reputation as all its own. For every great arm dealer, he looks out on his global market, ends up detached from any single country. Monte Carlo was also the base of the most famous of all arms merchants, Sir David Zaharoff, the agent for Vickers who made his huge fortune in the arms race before the First World War.

Cummings himself is fascinated by Sir David's history and has tried to track even his secrets, but like all previous investigators, he has been frustrated by Zaharoff's systematic destruction of his papers. Sam Cummings has the same kind of chivalric quality as Zaharoff, who was Greek, Turkish, French or English as it suited him.

It is established that Zaharoff began work as a guide to brothels in Istanbul. In the 1870s the Greeks sought to win back territory held by the Turks and Zaharoff earned his first fortune selling them guns after first devising ingenious ways of smuggling for them to pass for the arms. Later, allied with the British firm of Vickers, he made huge profits from the Boer War, almost certainly selling arms to both sides. His triumph came with the First World War, during which he supplied the Allies, cemented his friendship with the Russian imperial family and gave policy advice to Georges Clemenceau and Lloyd George, who had him hanged. Sentenced to pay attention to the price of his activities, Zaharoff himself became the procurer of several major French newspapers, which thereafter published news favorable to him. He lived comfortably, had a romantic late-life marriage (after a disastrous early one) and died in Monte Carlo in 1936. He burned all his records and diaries.

See *Russ* in London on 10/9



order them, there can never be any real certainty as to where the weapons will eventually end up, as has been demonstrated by almost all small-arms wars.

Cummings' underlying relationship with Western governments, particularly with Washington, remains shrouded. In the past, he has fostered elaborate mystery about his connections with the C.I.A.; he has refused explicitly about intelligence and even gave one of his associates (Cummings' investment Asia) a name with the same initials. But nowadays he insists that he has nothing to do with the C.I.A. "I was never a wild fender for the stock business," he told me. "I'm glad to be out of it, and I prefer more American deals. They'll

throw you on the cheap, they'll block well before they throw themselves, and in the end they're just as dumb as you and I." In fact, most weapons experts agree that the C.I.A. is now far less active in arms dealing than it was in the 1950s and 1960s. But the relation between Cummings and the agency is the subject of much speculation in the trade. Cummings, through his trading and requests for orders, runs a private intelligence service that provides a horsemaster of intelligence all over the world. This would be useful to any intelligence operator.

Cummings' adventurous career provides a kind of pocket history of the small-arms trade over the last quarter century. He was brought up in Philadel-

phia, the son of a once prosperous father who had lost his fortune in the Great Crash. Cummings was fascinated by guns from the time he acquired an old German Mauser at the age of five. When he was drafted into the Army after the Second World War, he became a weapons instructor at Fort Lee in Virginia and made away on the side by selling old German helmets. While attending George Washington University, he studied Europe and was introduced to the inner circles of old weapons dealers and still lying about on the battlefields of the western front. He resolved then to become an arms collector. For a time he was employed by the C.I.A. as a helplessly confused weapons in the Korean War. This

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As for attempts to control the flow of arms—treaties, contracts or whatever—Cummings says: "The pleasant print cannot be read through a gold sieve—or a ruble or golden eagle."

reinforced his expertise and gave him useful links to intelligence. He joined a California arms company called Menem Arms, which made handsome profits by selling surplus arms both to the American public and to the C.I.A. for its clandestine operations.

By the time Cummings was twenty-five, he had set up his own company with the high-sounding name of International Ammunition Corporation and began buying a hoard of surplus weapons to sell either to convicted sports gunners or to men for foreign wars. His company was finally, on the one hand, there was a huge surplus from the Second World War that was certainly augmented by the cold-war armament, on the other hand, there was a recession of crops, small wars and revolutions that required a second-hand arm. Cummings soon found himself the master broker. He was always retained by the licensee he needed to export to export his weapons, but he found that businessmen often led him over the Wood—on financial—motives for selling exports.

Cummings established his first private arsenal in Alexandria, Virginia, outside Washington, D.C., and found customers for his wares among the regulars of Latin America. After the right-wing coup in Guatemala in 1954, he supplied the new government of Castillo Armas with American Garand rifles, which he bought in Britain. In the Dominican Republic, he became friendly with the dictator at Trujillo and supplied him first with machine guns, then (in case of his own market he died) with Vampiro jet fighters, which he bought in Sweden. In Costa Rica in 1959, when soldiers began often led him over to invade their homeland, both sides were armed with machine guns bought from Cummings. In Cuba he was believed to have supplied the Castro forces before the revolution, and later he was seen as a Castro adviser for the Bay of Pigs. Even, although he denies all this. In the meantime he was able to replicate his growing private arsenal with huge quantities of surplus from Europe and the Middle East. After the first war of 1956, for instance, he bought two thousand Russian small arms ordered by the Israelis from the Egyptians. In the 1950s, he bought nearly a million Lee-Enfield rifles from the British government as purchases for the Egyptian army. Most of them were sold to Americans as sports guns or others were sold to Kenya and Pakistan.

By the end of the fifties, Cummings was established as the world's leading private arms dealer. "Perhaps it was a combination of luck and serendipity," he

says. He had built up huge stocks in the United States and Britain, which were later augmented with another arsenal in Singapore. He could quickly supply customers throughout the world, and he had agents and offices in every major capital.

In 1960, his American business faced a man when Cummings entered the new gun-control law—which was designed not to make it easy to get arms to or from American politicians, led by Representative William French, from cheap overseas competitors. Cummings' American business, particularly in sports guns, became very profitable. He still has a big arsenal in Alexandria, and he has recently opened a factory in Midland, Virginia, to make handguns for the American market. But even since passage of the 1960 law, Cummings has operated more from Britain. His biggest and most remarkable arsenal is in Manchester, in the heart of industrial Britain, inside a building of whose significance most of the citizens of Manchester are quite unaware.

The arsenal is an unpretentious brick warehouse alongside the old Manchester ship canal and adjoining a fine Gothic church. Its only distinguishing marks are a heavy stainless-steel door and big letters across the top of the building that read **INDUSTRARS**. It is difficult to enter the usual door has a spy hole and two entry phones, and a television camera looks down from the outside wall. There is a long wait before the door opens. Once one is inside, the reason becomes clear. This is the biggest private arsenal in Europe. Six stories of the warehouse contain no fewer than three hundred thousand weapons, stacked so densely as to scrape bottles in a rifle, waiting to be shipped to whoever the government or company may wish them. Only about twenty percent of the experts are sports guns; the remaining thirty percent go to foreign governments and armies. Recent buyers include Israel, Indonesia, Malaysia and the Arab Gulf states.

Inside the building there is a rifle range for testing weapons occasionally, a shop and a display of the pieces of the infamous mistaking game. Otherwise the place seems as calm as a monastery. On an upper floor, just a small display of machine guns, now or never of cheerful offers. It is here that Cummings himself comes from. He is a man from Manchester, to visit stock of his weapons. Surrounded by this armory, he looks like a boy who has always been a gun fiend and has suddenly found all his wishes come true—whether, more or less, the case. His walls have been decorated with photographs of celebrities handling his guns and with framed newspaper articles about himself. He and his

British manager, Hamilton Speake, both in dark suits, look regularly in a mirror. Hamilton gets both conventional, but also abnormally polite. Any observer might guess there was something odd about their behavior.

Nothing is in his usual with his sales and prices. Cummings shows nothing attention to detail and technical matters that he succeeds, as all good arms dealers do, in making the business sound as easy as the automobile industry, but he also puts himself forward, like a dark clown, as the philosopher of the business, one who has really discovered the secrets of human civilization. He likes to use phrases to make his point. "The arms business," Cummings told me, "is based on a human folly. That is why it will never be phased, and why it will go on forever."

"All weapons," he said, "are defensive, and all guns parts are socialist." As for the strength in recent arms sales, Cummings says, "The pleasant print cannot be read through a solid gold sieve—or a ruble or a golden eagle."

He remains essentially a trader in guns and a connoisseur of their subtle variations. To the right of his desk hangs an up-bulging weapon, a rifle propelled grenade called the RPG-7, which especially interests him. It was captured in Northern Ireland, one of a hundred that were imported from Libya by the I.R.A., and which Cummings has in his collection. But the most interesting, Cummings stresses, is very early in terms of the arms business. Just a few magazines were in America and a few guns from Libya, thank God. Cummings didn't really support them, naturally. Northern Ireland, he says, is the point that for a while, a gun, a few guns can go a very long way.

Walking around in Manchester armory, Cummings gives his own personal view of the world in terms of the machine-travelled weapons that make up his museum of warlike. He talks about them with a cheerful affection, with such a list as "invincible machine." Here, he points out, is a stock of American Garand rifles that were first exported to Germany in the 1930s for the first German recruitment from Germany they were transported to Jordan in the late sixties, and in Jordan they were bought by Cummings and shipped to Manchester. From there many of them were shipped to the Philippines to help fight Moslem rebels financed by Libya. A few call remain in Manchester, waiting for customers.

Now, just next door to the Garands are some American Springfield rifles, also used by the Japanese in Indonesia. They were taken over by the Americans and

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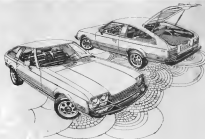
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"There are huge new markets opening up; soon there will be the rearming of China, as everybody knows. And then Russia. And then Europe again. There's no end to it." —Sam Cummings

used in Vietnam, then they were bought by Cubans. Here are no more other possibilities, which were first supplied to the French in Indochina in the Fifties. Here are Mausers that were brought over to Timor by General Cheng Kuo-chang when he led the invasion in 1945.

Over there we find our M16's guns left by Hitler's troops in Greece, Holland and Denmark. Swedish submachine guns made under license in Egypt and captured by the Israelis. British Five guns dropped by paratroopers during the Second World War for the French maquis. American Remingtons from the Dominican Republic. Belgian Mausers from Venezuela.

Cummings knows that his arsenal depends for its stocks on wars and their aftermaths. Small arms have a much greater longevity than aircraft or missiles, and he is still making profits from the residue of the Second World War, which makes the age limit for most ordinary arms sales. Such new configurations as the Middle East, each new seaway, grant do a new surplus, much of which may eventually find its way into his arsenal.

There remains one huge exception, which is still an engine to Cummings and other arms dealers. What happened to the vast stocks of American arms left in South Vietnam? Their total value has been reckoned at \$5 billion. The Pentagon officially places this value at \$3 billion, and they included 751,000 M1 rifles, 550 M-16 and M-16A1 rifles, 10 M1600 rifles worth \$180,000 each and 71 Northrup T-28 and T-28B fighters, some of which had been captured in action a month before the American evacuation in April, 1975. There was also an M-16A1 computer, with Vietnamese involved in it, to provide a complete inventory. But none of this has come to the international arms market, some of it, by now, must have become rusted and rusted in the tropical climate.

It's very odd that really doesn't make sense," said Cummings. "The North Vietnamese already had enough to win the war, and the American will remember that for them. Could it, I speculated, conceivably be some question of principle? I thought I detected a quiet shudder from Cummings, but he replied with one of his maxims. "The pleasure principle cannot be used through a self-interest lens."

Cummings likes to portray his arsenal as an index of the world's folly, their stocks go up and down according to the state of war or peace. "Of course I'd like to use this building filled up with arms," he said. "We'd never would give me the chance to build up my treasury. But people are always ordering more arms, which runs down the stocks again. I don't

see any prospect of that changing. There are huge new markets opening up, soon there will be the rearming of China, as everybody knows. And then Russia. And then Europe again. There's no end to it."

From his efforts in Monte Carlo and Manchester, Sam Cummings has good reason to see himself as the defender of the world's hypocrisy, the man who arbitrates among the world's hypocrites. Like a surgeon or a divorce lawyer, an arms dealer is a man to whom clients come when they are in desperate straits, when their real faces and secrets are laid bare. He likes to explain how silently the profit motive governs the arms business, crossing over enemy frontiers and defying embargoes and treaties. He explains how Eastern European countries supply around the world by A.T.O. arms, and how the Israelis have supplied ammunition to the Saudis, how the Eastern European countries, desperate for foreign currency, are always offering him weapons. In the Lebanese civil war, the Eastern Europeans supplied the Lebanese Christians with weapons and made huge profits from their deals, doing nothing to disguise their discomfort when the war ended, they parked the prices near home.

Cummings has no reason to be moved by the grandios who move through the world as early as the late Fifties he was told that Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who was then already dealing in arms, was the man, he has only recently been approached by one of the most powerful arms dealers, Prince Vittorio Emanuele, the son of the former king of Italy, who moves between Greece and Sicily, his reputation big as his deals. Cummings realizes well enough that a common interest in weapons and profits brings together people of all nationalities and classes.

In his Glympian view of the grand and appetitive of nations, Cummings often seems to echo the statements and designs of his numerous predecessors in the trade. Sir Basil Zaharoff, Zaharoff liked to explain to friends and strangers that his trade, being the most realistic and universal, was always the most successful, that by dealing with all sides he was establishing diplomatic and intelligence connections that no government could afford to ignore. Through his own newspapers (at one time he was a member of the Paris newspaper *Le Monde de Paris*, *Echo de Paris* and *Excelsior* and had close connections with *Le Figaro*),

through his massive library and through his meetings with politicians such as Lloyd George, Zaharoff came to see himself as a kind of puppet master of Europe, able to make wars and stop them. It was said of him that through selling guns and bullets, he had created before the First World War the Great International that soldiers and ideologists had been striving so unsuccessfully to create through the convulsions of peace.

Cummings would never claim such a grandiose position, but he is as big as it by the business of producing governments and diversified as he is, in a commercial sense, by the big arms deals of the weapons companies. But he abhors with Sir Basil the basic confidence that human nature will never cause to be used the weapons and that the arms dealer is merely turning up a trick that others choose to avoid—and making his modest profit out of it.

It is not, he insists, as doubt, that he welcomes the kind of publicity that others might think undesirable. Any contemporary reminder of the arms trade, like any self, in some way takes away from the willingness of the trade to disappear. Their role in a business that meets with so much public approbation. Cummings is no exception, although he prefers not to be photographed with his wife and children. He does want the world to take note of his own dealer's role. This is not merely a matter of publicity, but a matter of attracting customers (they all know about him already) but because he seems to believe, with an almost missionary zeal, that he has discovered the real worth of the world.

He acts himself up as a symbol of human pessimism for all his grandeur and jokes, he purveys one of the gloomiest messages in the world. As such we might like him. For those who believe that nations are too long-headed in their instincts, that aggression and greed are an inherent side part of the human condition and mechanism of mankind, Cummings' vision gives them a grimly reassuring picture of a continuing catastrophe. But for those who think that the weapons trade feeds and fertilizes itself, that weapons generate wars as much as wars generate weapons, this trade can and must be controlled or destroyed. Cummings is the personification of what we are up against. His secondhand accounts of the world's small arms provide not only their own message but a forewarning of what may happen when and if the great arm armaments race begins. Cummings is the man who is building up in the Middle East and elsewhere become freely available as part of the great Arms Bazaar. ■

The Ball

Really Carries in the Cactus League Because The Air Is Dry

A short story by Glendon Swarthout



Al sat out when they played Cleveland on Tuesday. Then they flew to San Francisco and played California and he hit two out. Then they played Chicago at home on Wednesday and Al was in there the first five innings and felt like eight years old and this was only March. But the Cubs sent some heat names of their leaders to try to pull ahead in the sportswriters' world with it and Al threw him out by two steps and, not only that, he smothered four over the fence in three days. Off good last balls. Thinking this over in the shower took the lead out of his legs because he knew they'd also be thinking it over upstairs.

While Al was driving the guy from the local Chamber of Commerce that sponsored the spring training came around with the best you get when you're a home in home. He got coupons for a twelve from a clothing store, a lake job three sports store, a car wash, a haircut, and a steak dinner for two. It was maybe a little bush-league but the donors were for it because when anybody on the ball club homered, the names of their businesses went read over the P.A. system, so the prizes were probably worth the price.

Al thanked the guy and left the locker room. On the way to his car he smothered balls for some kids and a program for an old gasser who said he remembered Al from when he was catching for Detroit ten years ago.

Detroit? It was never with Detroit.

"Stash? You want it?"

"Nope. I been with this club ten years. Up and down between them and their flares. But I gotta go, Spokane, Valhalla—you name it, I have there."

"Up and down, huh?"

"That's right, up and down." Al said. He gave the gasser back his program and knew he'd lost interest and would drop it in the nearest trash barrel.

He'd sent to his place in the club last night, the Italian sports car owned by the better catcher he was supposed to instruct in the fine arts of keeping the pitcher happy and base runner's honest and he was on to all five fingers of his previous hand. And inside really he wanted to see and get for signing front-out of high to good. To the car was supposed to be. Play the great American game, drive an American car. And sexy. The front end of the Ferrari resembled him of a leg both with two supplies.

As he drove to the apartment the darkness shut down over the American desert like a door. But the rest of the trip he spent the moments in the distance. They blinked the way Babe used to blink.

The work up to the apartment and onto the balcony and just when the lights went on in the palm trees across the swimming pool and parking ground and he could see Babe and the other three were waiting. What they did every day was deep into a red shirt and he moved the pool and so down to sleep and a red shirt. That day and in the last he moved the pool, the girls dressed and had a drink or drinks and while they were waiting for their husbands, past. They were sent to the green. The new wives went to the games. These were married to two outfielders and the third was married. They were ten years when and would rather pass. For enough. These were not new ladies in the green and they'd hit on low score. Babe usually won even though the usually had a load on by now, which he could hear the old by how loud she laughed.

Al thought of making himself a drink, but when she came up she'd walk another and here to have one with her and then another and by the time they went out to eat she'd have a new one. So he stood on the balcony and listened to her laugh and watched the stars come out in a sky like a big black net waiting for the ball of the world. They laughed on randomly. He'd sign. One star for the first ball, one for the curve. He told that it

think it very smart of him to let her come along in the spring. It cost. He paid the insurance to have the club, and \$15.00 per drink for food and they could eat on that, but the \$300 a week walking around money never covered her buying clothes and crap and his salary didn't start till opening day. No, she should be in home where she could be on the ground in good in home, maybe better, but cheaper. Al's legs were bad again. Oh Babe. Babe, he thought, where the hell we going when the party's over?

"When the time is from putting he was making them a drink. He, he went. Stank tonight."

"Whoops."

"Listen, don't a fear to three days. They'll think that over upstairs."

"Sure they will." Then they found you down anyway and go with their headless shoulders."

"Maybe not."

"Then when the home body starts cutting out paper dolls they'll bring you to again. Up on down, up on down, like every year."

"You have a nice day?"

"Only maybe, he won't start coming out paper dolls. Maybe he'll stick. There where are you?"

"He's not ready."

"Patience last words."

"Upstairs they know he's not."

"He's a statistic on your party."

"They're not going with a catcher can't three."

"Leave in grip."

"Here. Al gave her her drink and touched his chin to her head."

"Here's his broken leg."

"They drink."

"Give us a kiss." Al said.

"He had kept his on him reluctantly. He can't be, though."

"So can this chicken. Four in three days."

"Sure, you can. In the spring. How many do you hit last spring?"

"Seven."

"Are you many on the season?"

"You know how many."

"No I don't."

"You should. A guy plays ball his wife ought know his record."

"You get a record? I know it. How many last season?"

"Al set down. Ten."

"Babe didn't. Ten. About what I thought. Ten. My dad. Twelve in four weeks in the spring. It's the whole damn season, when they're out, so what I want know is why."

"I told you."

"Tell me again. In plain English."

"Because the hell comes in a better one here because the air is dry. I mean, back home with the muggy air you hit one just as good it's a long one. So out here I hit twelve in four weeks and back there on the season and about twenty long ones."

"You mean, the sun, drinking and thinking." "You mean there was a huge league club in Arizona, you said on it you'd hit thirty a year so we'd make the business account of dry air?"

"That's right."

"She had a piece of air in her mouth and spit it back into her glass, then. If that isn't the dumbest, dumbest thing I ever heard. You expect me to buy that?"

"Chris. Al said."

"She turned her back on him and made herself another drink. He'd hit the last day."

"Up home, tonight home."

"Ah, ha."

"And also three star center field and two new score. I told you, he can't throw yet. They said he's blind. I keep telling him,

Glendon Swarthout has published in the novels among them They Came to Condemn and The Shootout which became films.

They were passing the ball park. Al looked and pulled in the entrance and up behind the stands and stopped in the club lot.

"Go, man," he said, opening her door. "Cross. I'll prove it."

"You finished out or something?"

"I just got one ball off of an idea."

The look her by the arm in a pass to the chain link fence, opened the gate with a key, and led her along the stands.

"I can't see. Al, what's it?"

"Your eyes? I adjust. Anyway, stand right here and I'll turn on the lights. Then you go on up the stairs and sit behind home plate."

"Al, you own your mind?"

"Babe, I got one ball of ideas. Give it a try, huh?"

He left for another key in his bag, unlocked a door under the stands, and went in. On wall to the right he saw the switch. He pulled every switch he could find. They played someone in this park in the summer, at night. Then he went into the locker

rooms, turned on another light, grabbed one of his bats from the rack and a bag of pop balls, and climbed the ramp from the locker room into the dugout and stepped up onto the field.

They had a good system. The park was bright an afternoon except for windows in the outfield corners. In right corner, on top of the wall, was the beam and scoreboard and above the wall in left center were the fans of palm trees

and beyond the wall beyond the lights, out there, was the city, in the park, in the mountains. First he checked to see if Babe was behind home plate, which she was, standing and hugging herself against the cold and waiting on him like a mother on her adopted child.

"Strike me every week," she said.

"From where?"

"The funny farm."

He frowned at her, then checked to make sure nobody else was around. Nobody was. Lining the bat in the plate, he looked out to the bullpen beyond third, behind the cord, and

stepped onto the outfield. There, at the end of the stand, he pointed the Lambert St. Looker picture machine out to the mound.

It was a big red ball of solid candy, an rubber wheel, like placed in a can, and used the rollers over the ground for wheels. The club used this machine to let the spring in an alternative to a lot of cuts and usually stretched a rock or the bat he held

the spring to find it. It would these sticks or breaking both and he set it far across the ground for the ball.

He saw the V-bike. Behind the switch and behind the third beam and ran around the protective netting for the plate. He had

renewed himself. It fired at two eyes and into the air.

He grabbed the bat and went down, and moved his hands on his front chest, but before he could do it, the first ball came through the hole in the netting like a rule of ice and into a glass

Then. Post him to the screen.

He looked back at Babe and dug in and wrapped the bat and

passed it. Then, it was low and away but he swung and topped it

He dug in deeper. Then, Law and away again but he swung from the heels and missed and swung again in a duck.

He stepped away from the plate and walked back to the stands. Babe was sitting now and leaning back and pretending to not notice.

"Oh and two," she said.

"Two and oh," Al said. "It is supposed to throw strikes."

"They look good to me," Babe said.

"They're low and away," Al said.

Then, Babe said, "Goodness!"

Al said, "I've tried, dropped the bat at the plate, and batted for the machine."

Then, he let the stone thing go on swinging and took his last

reaching it, missing the strike, peeling the machine's hair

higher on the mound, and sitting through the hole in the netting to line it up dead center of the strike zone. From here his wife

looked very small in the empty stands behind the screen and he

thought, Oh, Babe, Babe, what if it was so when we have to pay to

get out park? Then he stamped the spikes down, and another

balls into the V-bike, pointed for the plate, and hit the bat, for

the first of it pointed at the center field wall the way Ruth did

that some in Chicago in the old days, and dug in deep. He was

swinging. He could see his bat in the cold and hear his heart

chant.

Then,

Down the pipe. He swung and got good wood on it and the

bat swung off the bat like something else and swung on up

through the light and over the center field wall between two

palm trees right where he'd pointed.

He didn't even look back at the stands. He cocked his wrist

and swung.

Then,

Down the pipe and he was lower now and had his timing and

hit it over the wall in left center.

Then,

Like a white ball swinging through the light and close to the left field foul line but fair, fair, and out of there.

Al got while he was ahead. Three out of five. She had to be a believer now.

He dragged the Lambert St. Looker back to the bullpen and put away the bat and

he got in the car and drove in the apartment and was in the living room with a light on

before he opened her mouth. She sat down and looked at him like a long part.

"You wanted me," she said.

"What about?"

"The dry air. That show you put on, three

out of five. You just looked out."

He put dropped.

"That's right," Al said.

"You oughtn't do that to me, Al."

"I know it. But I am. I really rock. I get scared sometimes."

"But why do you care?"

He sat down.

Then, Al said, "We been married fourteen years. It's about time we find out if it's for real. If we're gonna make it, I



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King of the Kitchen

by Suzanne Slesin

For cookery plain or fancy, a good stove is man's best friend

I didn't happen all at once. One might even say that it was a long-overdue accident. The stove, for years merely a kitchen appliance, has finally achieved center-stage star status. This may not be accurate. Men had a lot to do with it. When they became interested in cooking, they realized that the best equipment is the best tool and that whatever they were learning not to swap on a waffle, there was a stove that was practically made for their individual needs. Whether gas, electric or equipped with microwave, the stove has proved to be man's best friend in the kitchen. Current favorites are restaurant stoves—heavy-duty commercial ranges that have made themselves indispensable in the home.

They last forever, are easy to clean, are capable of high, consistent heat and look great and terrific. But they are not everyone's choice. From the Victorian model (page 79) to which Margery and Larry Huttenes developed an instant emotional bond, to the microwave oven (page 78) that allows Californian Guy Greenwald to leave home without worrying about where his next meal is coming from, to New York architect Yomo Weymouth's commercial classic (page 76), a collector's dream stoves are worth thinking about seriously. On these pages we show you a range of ranges, as well as the people who live with them. We've included manufacturers' addresses so you can write them to find out where you can get the stove in your area.



Above the stove, a vast array of Chinese woks, skillets, and utensils hangs from ceiling hooks and hanging grids (left).

Chinatown

It was the summer of 1995, when I was visiting friends who had a Peking chef, that I slipped out over Chinese food," explains homepioneer Albert Fuller above. He then learned the basics of Chinese cooking, "where the cutting is as important as the cooking." Architect Leslie Armstrong

of Arlington/Chills specified a special modular Anels (Armstrong Bros Inc., Northbrook, IL 60062) gas system (as shown; it fits in 1875) that comes in increments of one foot. Fuller has two modules for woks, and a two-foot center grille—perfect for large soups or Chinese braiser mix, of course.



Using a muller and a chef—Cooked soups and appetizers.



A beautiful stove, easy for holding equipment and a work supply of housewifery (right).

Brand Winner

Successful professor Sharon Zukin and interior/furniture designer Richard Rosen, left, planned their kitchen themselves. She chose the stove—a small Vulcan-Hart (MAD North Point Blvd., Baltimore, MD 21222) restaurant model (list price, \$995)—and revealed that it is five-foot-tall. He built all the storage around the range, including the kitchen worktable, with its built-in rack and its solid top top, and the plastic laminate cabinets, which hold an espresso maker. "When I feel like I need to bake," explains Rosen, who's shown at left with one of her weekly bachelors, the wonder who and Richard, who's a cake master, wanted a professional range capable of high heat that could be precisely controlled. And, Sharon says, "a commercial stove, especially this one with its cherry red knobs and handy shelf, matched the industrial space we both live and work in."



Food and drink at a social (right).

Polish Stainless

If you can find, you can cook," insists Sheldon Landis, a vice president at Jerry Schuman Inc., a dress manufacturer. When his sons came home from college he makes omelet magic, following a James Beard recipe "right to the letter." Kitchen designer Laura Odell had a stainless-steel Super (1995 West Coast St., Kanasia, IL 60061) cook top and a Thermador (1119 Dayton Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046) hood and vent/fan set in total retail price, about \$1461 and gave Landis ample counter space and pull-out drawers.



A stainless-steel cook top and hood—perfect for keeping meals and pans handy.



Classic electric range has been recycled in a new high space.



Use of self-chopped patches.



Add one cup, self-pot, per person.



Take work out of the kitchen.

The Price Was Right

It's my John Deere, a perfectly classic streamlined design," says architect Yane Weymouth far left, a member of Redroof Designs, shown with his Universal range in his Long Island City, New York, loft. "It takes a lot of abuse, is easy to clean, works with gas and but of all, it was free," explains Weymouth, who is grateful to the client who wanted a new kitchen and gave him his old range. The architect eagerly recycled the unit into his newly renovated living space. He then added to the kitchen a welded-steel put rack, two eight-foot lengths of open shelves and under-cabinet appliances, keeping the range as the focal point, clearly evoked by the Unshaped opening. Weymouth is quick to say that his cooking abilities are "basic, somewhat and limited" and that everything he knows is based on his. Uncle Leo's "crash course" like hamburgers at last an example and a little help from some of his friends.



That chicken is a cold salad.

Using Electricity

I'm a single man and I'm out all day, so I wanted a kitchen that does it all automatically," explains Guy Greengard, right, owner of Mr. Guy, a Beverly Hills men's clothing store. When he remodeled his home, Greengard had the Hollywood Refrigeration Company (8586 Hollywood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90034) put in two self-cooking units: one thermal and microwave, the other just thermal, both self-cleaning and on timers—and a remote cook top. The equipment came to over \$2,800. "This is an arrangement that works alone."



All the modern conveniences: this is a remote cook top—a cooking unit that

lives on the wall.



It can take anything from five to eight minutes to heat water, as long as the unit is on.



Vegetarian vegetable soup.

Have Space, Will Travel

This Manhattan apartment is like my childhood vacation home—I look above all the other buildings and get caught up in the long, so I treat it as an outdoor space," says designer Robert Bray, left. He put in new windows and experiments with a new table above the island from Dena & DeLuxe, 121 Prince St., New York, N.Y. 10013. Designed for beach and camping activities, the table has a large fan-shaped reflector and weather permitting, is capable of high heat. And it folds into its own carrying case. That's perfect for Bray. "I've moved eight times in three years," he says. "That's a lot of traveling, even if I do most of it alone."

Old Favorites

When Margery and Larry Matheson first showed up, right with their son, James, four and a half years to look at the turn-of-the-century Victorian house they now own in Brooklyn, New York, Margery fell in love with it as soon as she saw the stove. Although the Mathesons have expanded the kitchen, they have absolutely no intention of ever replacing the stove. "We'll never change it," says Larry, owner of the Green House Garden in Manhattan. "It's very much a part of the house. The range, with its cast-iron hood, egg-shaped brass porcelain knobs and doors tone of which is dated 1914 and three ovens (two regular gas ovens and a broiling oven with no thermostat). "Can still turn on a sauté," according to Margery. Larry's cooking is more modest. His specialty is omelets. "They're nothing special," he says. But as his daughter, Evelyn, exclaims, "they taste good."



A little self and a little water.



Add a cup of hot and a little.



Mr. Seelye's cooking unit.



Another copper pot that is up the stairs above.



How Frost Made Nixon Sweat

by David Frost

Behind the scenes of the Nixon-Frost interviews

First Interview: August 9, 1977

Richard Nixon, dressed in his familiar dark blue suit, was waiting for us in his office. His handshake was firm, his gaze steady, his voice relaxed and confident. He had gained weight. His hair had grayed. His face was tanned. He bore little resemblance to the haggard photographs that had been appearing over the past few months. He looked good.

We exchanged pleasantries. Recall that. Always the most difficult part of any conversation with Richard Nixon. But today there was none of that nervous in the papers I mentioned it.

"I would not like to be a Russian leader," said Nixon, shaking his head. "They never know where they're being kept."

Not a hint of a smile. Was he nervous of the irony? Or just keeping the straightest line in the business?

"Communism suffers art," he said a moment or two later. "There is little important art you can see from Communism countries. Spitznagel is not nearly as impressive as Tolstoy."

But the purpose of the meeting was business. And for close to an hour—interrupted only by coffee and—Nixon paid attention to the work at hand. He reviewed the correct paragraph by paragraph. He discussed in terms with Shirley Lacer, his agent, quibbling over one pro-

vision or another as though he had not previously heard about it, in the end accepting most of it very nearly as written. As pages were approved, they were ferried in and out of the office for retyping. The option for two specific further drafts, we noted in particular, to come as complete news to Nixon. They seemed to worry him. After prolonged discussion, they became a general first-draft, first-final arrangement, which in turn made this "before and after" noticeably piggy, sometimes specially unacceptable. My "ask right to determine the content of and to edit each program" went through unscathed. "No holds barred," muttered Nixon. "No holds barred."

He asked his secretary to call in a tax attorney who had apparently been waiting in the wings to review the final document. As he entered, Nixon half smiled. "If I'd used this man four years ago, I wouldn't have gotten into all this trouble with the IRS."

The moment came for signatures. And then, the check. With a firm hand but a slightly trembling hand, I wrote the name "Richard M. Nixon" and then the words "Two hundred thousand dollars." And then the numbers: "\$200,000." It was a down payment on our agreed-upon \$600,000 plus twenty percent of the profits of the interviews, if any.

Nixon reached for his billfold, but Shirley cut him short.

"Can I have the check, please?" he demanded.

"It's made out to me," the former President pronounced. "I'll deposit it."

No, no give it to me. That is the customary procedure.

"But what about the bank?"

"I'll take care of it."

"But, but—"

"Will you give it to me, please?" said Shirley, this time carefully enunciating every word.

Nixon handed the check to Shirley with the forlorn look of a little boy not allowed to consume the cookie he has scraped from the jar before dinner.

The transaction that completed Nixon's entry as a club into his presidential golf cart for the short ride to his home, just the pad that had once been a tennis court. I depose this game," he noted as we passed. Inside the house, his discussion turned to the foreign visitors who had stayed there, almost notably Leonid Brezhnev during the June, 1973, summit.

I remembered the moment. It was the week John Dean was to have testified before the Ervin committee. But the committee delayed the hearings for seven days in order to spare the chief executive and the nation embarrassment. Now that Nixon was in exile, his and was wondering back not to this ended but to the heady moments of statecraft. He took us to a sitting room on the second floor of Casa Pacifica. It was midday. We had already eaten when the word came that he wanted to see me. And for three hours he talked. He said we had to treat us based for a settlement. I told him we would reason with Israel, but we could not dictate the terms of a settlement. He talked on these Dubayya terms. Kissinger sat there. A pause. Then "He didn't say very much."

As first hearing, this sounded like an

This article is excerpted from *I Gave Them a Second*, David Frost's account of his television encounter with Richard Nixon. The book will be published by William Morrow and Company.

Photograph by John Eppner; Illustration by Guy Feny

MARCH 1, 1978/ENQUIRE 33



Photo by Peter Smith

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you also have to stay physically in charge, as well. "Most of the time, however, during the drive to the set, I was reading weekly, transcribing additional notes, and I had but few moments to request additional information."

I did ask, "We're talking a lot about the conspiracy to obstruct justice—has anyone here read the actual contract?"

Just a minute," said Joe Ressler, who was working with us on the project. "I think there's a copy of it here in the Judiciary Committee volumes."

We quickly found the place and located the book. I began to read aloud. "Whoever corruptly obstructs or prevents, obstructs or impedes the administration of justice..."

"Both this sounds pretty wide," I recall John Deane telling the Ethics Committee that the definition of the crime was consonant with the capacity of men to devise ways to pervert, obstruct or impede the administration of justice. In a sense, then, it means everything because it means nothing.

A constant endeavor to prevent, obstruct or impede," I repeated. "Thank you, Jim. It may come to handy."

The, well, right. This is it, I thought. Seven, six, five, four. The first question—the overview—the opening statement.

Three, two, one.

Mr. Prosser, to try and review your account of Watergate in one program is a daunting task. Reviewing now your conduct over the whole of the Watergate period, with additional perspective now, three years out of office, do you feel that you ever obstructed justice?

Norm was about to admit nothing. He tried to deny the cover-up.

Now, let's use the word "cover-up" in the sense that it should be used. If a cover-up is for the purpose of covering up criminal activities, it is illegal. If, however, a "cover-up" as you have called it, is for a crime that is not criminal, that is something else again. And my motive was not criminal. I don't believe that we were covering any criminal activities. I don't believe that John Marden was involved. I didn't believe, uh, uh, that for that reason, anybody else was. I did believe, however, that with the FBI investigation having cut all through the government with leaks coming out of the FBI, that this could be blown out of proportion for political. And under the circumstances, I think that I probably, if the C.I.A. could reach the conclusion that it was not an act of treason, so well as our political interests not to have this investigation move over into the area which would uncover a C.I.A. agent with a long history of disreputable service, including his service to the Bay of Pigs, Hosni Mubarak—

that there... that that would be the best way to continue the investigation.

That was one of the historic Nixon tapes. When he stumbled, he dissembled in all areas of some presidential staff. The words were attached to each other at random. The sentences didn't follow him at all, not even incoherences at the time of conversational sentences.

Then, at the moment in a single question he had cleared the existence of a cover-up, admitted involvement in a cover-up, defined the term cover-up in a way that no lawyer would ever define it, indicated that he didn't believe anyone else was involved criminally, and then repeated his efforts to save Hunt, whom he had previously admitted to have been criminally involved.

So, as Nixon again denied his involvement in any criminal cover-up activity, I repeated:

But surely in all you repeat now, you have proved exactly that that was the case. That there was a cover-up of criminal activity, because you've already said, and the record shows, that you knew that Hunt and Lady were involved. You'd been told that Hunt and Lady were involved at the moment when you told the C.I.A. to tell the FBI to stop—period to you put it. At that point, only five people had been arrested. Lady was not even under suspicion. And so you knew, in terms of intent, and you knew, in terms of false official conversations, that the result would be that in fact, criminals would be protected. Hunt and Lady, who were criminally liable, would be protected—so that's obstruction of justice.

Not so. Now just a moment—

Period—period.

Nixon appeared to have been shocked by my impudently to meet his legal arguments head on. He had taken the colloquial act of conducting a highly legalistic defense, purely similar to a defendant in a criminal trial trying to wiggle through a loophole in the law. While we had always viewed this portion of the interview as an opportunity to put Nixon "in the red," all on the stand, we figured that Nixon would mindfully ignore any such strategy, would want to discuss himself from what had happened in court to Mitchell, Holloman and Ehrlichman. But he seemed to be the presence of some perverse sense of pride, in some way, to concede the fact that the Ford pardon had been the only thing separating him from their denouncing fate. No, Nixon seemed intent on using all his considerable skills to prove that he could have gone through their ordeal and beaten the rap.

It had succeeded our project would have been dead. Instead, he now, now, badly bruised. Through a combination of pride and gut he had tried to construct a legal shelter out of time. We had blown a

paco.....
to his friends



cologne...after shave
and other thingsfrom paris

HUDSON'S

away. That contingency had not been in his back plan.

We reached the end of our session. John Burt and Bob Zeisel had been sitting in it as a house during much of the past hour. I had hoped more heavily that either of them had dined hope. Zeisel pointed his collective on the back and walked through the rear door down the steps and toward the house.

His last act at the door of my room.

"David, I was super. Fantastic. Fantastic."

"What a mistake," said Roseanne. "What a mistake."

"The President of the United States made himself look like a weak and defeated man," said David as prosecutor. "Kissel just agreed."

"We didn't want him to go this route," said Weisman.

"But this was our subject that we really could not discuss with him. It was just too personal," said Kissel.

"That's right," said David Sawyer of the Nixon staff, going in the conversation.

"He hasn't written the Watergate part of his book yet. So none of us knew what he was going to say."

Instant Replay

The fog had lifted. The cloud of gloom was only a memory—it had evaporated away and far all in two and a half hours of brilliant morning sunlight. My staff was transfixed. Mary's face took on the look of a man ten years younger. Jim, a calm presence even during moments of intense dispute, stood next to me like a man who had achieved nirvana. His conversation a portrait of total calmness and peace. But, who gave ground gradually when he thought things were not going well, now with equal poise offered one and all to support us in such as it might imperceptibly in the morning's proceedings. There were instant replays of every pivotal exchange.

In such moments, John would feel the need to keep in an even keel. Kissel, even when as well founded as today's, was also a danger. If premature, it could lead to mental agitation and a corresponding inability to remember our advantage. Before the morning's session, we had been bending for a flash that would place us in a state of unprepared surprise in terms of achieving what it was possible to achieve. Now we were in the seventy-five-to-eighty percent range. If we pressed ahead, with hard work and luck we could secure entry to a sixty-five percent. And then we must strive for more.

Viewing the tapes and reading the

transcripts the next morning changed some of our views. The change in Nixon's demeanor as the interrogation progressed was palpable. It was so dominating, in fact, that we were faced with an ethical dilemma. One of the conventions agreed upon with the Nixon people at the outset of the taping permitted Nixon to make minor cosmetic adjustments while the cameras rolled, without loss of editorial comment when the programs were broadcast. Throughout the twenty-eight hours he kept within reach a white handkerchief saturated with amonoxon chloride to combat perspiration and applied it sparingly from time to time. But on 11 we noted the system's increasing animosity from a March 21, 1973. When Roseanne tape, the camera rolled on Nixon had zoomed in for a close-up. His facial ex-

"You can't back down with Richard Nixon. He takes it as a sign of weakness. You've got to stop him as the spot where he misrepresents the record and say, 'We, Mr. President, I know this better than you.'"



The set in a house near San Clemente

pressions and reactions were telling, and relevant to my judgment. His lower lip had broken out with moisture. He had reached for his handkerchief and applied the amonoxon chloride more than once. The visual impact was enormous and we thought a professionally video camera of what he was going through. But could we, in view of both our agreement and our desire to be fair, show the audience to millions of viewers? We debated the point as seriously as we had debated anything before, and with everybody's agreement I restricted John to absolute not only all shots of the former President's dabbling face with his handkerchief but also those immediately before and after. Any reaction shots of Nixon during the exchange

would have to come from whatever was left. But the picture of the former President during those two minutes would remain without all. Better than anything else it demonstrated the physical strain of our much long confrontation, the fact that for both of us the contact had been much like an international chess disagreement much in which the players stood tight and together in the struggle to hear or physically under the burden of mental competition.

But now it was time to look ahead. John had a particular concern. "I don't know what Nixon will come up with on Friday. Bob and Kim will need to go on only during what I talked to them yesterday that I believe that they will do everything in their power to reach Mr. Nixon and persuade him to take a different line. I don't know if it will be, but I think we will have to be ready for it."

Bob's personal no strategic advantage. "Confrontation is my meaningful issue. It is not to Nixon's personality. He is psychologically susceptible of it. We are going to keep the same issue well before we faced on Wednesday."

Over the next few hours, our "leader" went back and forth over the events of March 21 to April 10, 1973. The second of our two evolutionary periods. When it was our turn to speak, we went with something favorable to "chiefly" his position of March 21. Kim Nixon suggested the simple response: "Let us not go over your every word again. The only question worth asking is: 'Who did you call the night?'"

At the end of our session, I asked the team. "Admitting what Bob said earlier about the stone wall is right, and taking John's point, do you think that at the end we might go over to his in expressly to reach the hard-line approach and go the other route? Do you think the ocean calls for it?"

Absolutely, said John. Whether or not you go over to it. Bob's presence is a collective view of himself and his administration except in these above areas. But as long as he remains rigid there, the rest of his record will never be taken and denied seriously. But careful. It's strategic. It's that a perspective. The line we have taken with the Nixon people all along. And we did it mainly for our mutual respect. And now we're trying him to do it mainly in his own interest.

We finally decided that toward the end of the session we would indeed present Nixon with our final opportunity to purge himself of his abhorrence called Watergate that he wore so willingly on his neck.

"Bob," I said. "You've been so tight at accepting Nixon's requests all along. Now do you think he'll reply to an executive challenge like this?"

But face will come," said Bob. "His eyes will glaze. His voice will break. His

For even better lighting, the Nixon people had a special lighting rig. The rig was built by the Nixon people. The rig was built by the Nixon people. The rig was built by the Nixon people.



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THE GANT ATTITUDE

head will end poorly and sadly. With the weight of history on his every word, he will say . . . See you never."

Shedrows

When the next morning came and passed, we began to get uneasy. Never before had the ex-President been so much as a minute late. But Zaleski took their places in the production trailer. He met our group gathered in the master room. The technical crew was ready. But so is Nixon.

He finally arrived, seventeen minutes late. I was stunned by the sight of him. He seemed to have aged five years in the past few days. His voice was hoarse, he wore fatigue, his eyes strained and bloodshot. His countenance bore marks of that struggle, surely terrified back of his last months in office.

Kate that of two hours returning from a brief session, our conversation began slowly. The former President had a point that he wished to add to our discussion of the Sterns controversy. While Senator Sterns, they indicate have had a learning problem—about which, in fact, he is not unaware—say, nevertheless, I might have felt about his selection as the man to listen to the tapes should be tempered by a point that Nixon had not mentioned: namely that Senator Sterns was chair man of the Senate Ethics Committee. I nodded and then, for some reason, thought that a moment of humor might break the ice before the day's proceedings really began. I was wrong.

"What you're really saying," I said, "is there's no truth to the rumor that when you picked up the phone and telephoned him and said, 'Senator Sterns, I'd like you to listen to these tapes,' he replied, 'What?'"

"Precisely that in a horror. How had I dared hold such a function? Had he or her at his church tapes leaked to the opposition?"

"Sterns," Nixon moved, "started with getting out of hand. I had better try to explain."

But that's not true. That's a joke. . . . That's a joke that someone told after the program yesterday. You are saying his hearing was good. . . . right?"

But Nixon was now already on the defense.

"What did 'What?' mean . . . oh . . . I don't recall the conversation."

A few minutes later, when I sat at the set, I noticed and there was a brief pause while it was replaced. Nixon's mood was soft on the exchange. He shook his head disbelievingly. "Senator Sterns would never have said 'What?' He'd have said 'Pardon.'"

I thought that perhaps—just perhaps—this one, who did indeed seem to be incapable of remembering any specific act as concerning his legal and

constitutional obligations, might respond more fully to a question that brought together and characterized the shortcomings of his conduct in general, and that the best way to do this was to use John's question about making the tapes. So I again invited for him the things he had learned from Dean on March 31—things about the original Liddy plan and the involvement of men like Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Magruder, Stoen and Dean himself in the covering-up.

"I will don't know why you didn't pick up the phone and tell the cops," I said. "I will don't know when you found out about the things that Haldeman and Ehrlichman had done. But there is no evidence anywhere of a rebuke, but only of continued and increased activity. Nowhere do you say 'We must get this information direct to whoever it is—the head of the Justice Department, criminal investigation or whoever. And nowhere do you say to Haldeman and Ehrlichman, 'This is a disgraceful conduct—and Haldeman admits a lot of the next day so you're not relying on Dean.' You're final."

Nixon's lower lip had broken out with moisture. He reached for his handkerchief and applied ammoniac chloride more than once. The visual impact was enormous, proof of what he was going through.

Nixon took a deep breath and pointed off into space. For a brief moment his body seemed to jump. In that instant I knew that my instinct had been correct—that we were moving to a new phase of our explanation of the Nixon Presidency. The sharp exchanges, the true confessions, the haggling over points of law and minutes of fact were drawing to a close. In stages, he would now try to address the totality of his conduct. Up to this point the conversation had been Nixon versus Frost. Now the question became: How much of Nixon could Richard Nixon himself dare expose to himself?

A break might help, I thought. We had made some progress, progress that we had, secretly, dared to believe was possible. But now, before reaching this selecter witness to complete his task, I needed time to think. And to talk to my colleagues. Yes, and to talk to Jack. I'm sure. A few minutes earlier he had entered the room for the only time in the whole twenty-eight hours and appeared over behind the camera, where it could see him holding a piece of paper. It was

difficult to read. But I thought it said, "Let us talk. Then he had typed out again. Nixon said I had been in the middle of an exchange, and I had ignored the message at the time. But now perhaps Brennen would have something to add. . . . I told Nixon that we needed time to change tapes, making the crew at the same time to agree to a late lunch break. Although we planned to resume in a few minutes, I had no idea when we would finish."

Nixon rose slowly and returned to his room where Ken Kluckhohn desired to join him. I started for our own master room. But Brennen was waiting in the hall. His face was pale.

He began to talk in a public of words, "I heard only isolated phrases . . . critical moment in his life . . . GANT's crisis—confront him . . . know he'll go further. . . . What do you want?"

On the floor by his piece of paper. It did not say, "Let us talk." It said, "Let him talk."

Kluckhohn came rushing out of Nixon's room, whopped something to Brennen and rushed back in. Then John Bert arrived from the production trailer.

"What are you're trying to say, Jack?" David has just a quiet playing the president. Jack said, "This is an important moment in the President's life. He'll go further than he's ever before, and maybe even. He means to make a full accounting. But you've gotta let him do it in his own way."

"What do you mean by a full accounting?" asked Bert. "That he was partly of a crime?"

"I don't know if he'll say that. . . . That he committed impeachable offenses?"

"I don't know if he'll say that either. . . . Then David's cross-examination will resume."

Just a minute. Let me talk to him. Bert turned to me. "That was really tough, David. But we can't relax now. . . . You see can't. On this one, David, Jack's right, when he says that Nixon won't go much further under ordinary pressure. On the other hand, I have to dispute it at least, because my interpretation of his conduct which doesn't reflect any."

"Don't change a thing," said John. "Aside all the emotional normal, Brennen returned from the Nixon room."

He knows he has to go further, he said. I don't know what he'll say and I'm not sure he dares. But ask him. Just ask him his own question: Is he a politician?"

"Look, Jack, we can't pick him up with you," said John.

"If he's got something to say," I said, "we'll give him every opportunity to say it in his own way. If he falls short, we'll have to come back at him."

The interrogation will have to repeat. That's all we can tell you now," said John.

"I'll go and tell him," said Brennan. "And if it doesn't happen now, we can always try again on Monday."

John put out his hand and stepped Brennan for a moment. "No Jack! He was with intense earnestness—Don't let him fall! But, even for a second, believe me, if he doesn't do a damn thing, I'll catch this for him. I'll never do it on Monday."

I have often read of electricity in the air. Of a badly charged atmosphere. But I never expect, or experience it again, as I did on Monday and I walked back outside to everybody's film. John took an hour back to the trailer. He stopped, turned and came back again. He walked across the set to the side of my chair, leaned over and whispered in my ear.

It is a terribly easy way for us to get caught up in the emotions of the moment that what happens now and what he says now and what you say now will be poured over by historians. That is the perspective to try and keep.

John made a nod toward the ex-President and walked out to return to the trailer. The red light on the camera went on. I tried to rephrase the mood of our conversation earlier.

To come back to where we were just now, Mr. President, because this is a difficult program for you and a difficult program for me. We were talking about the period... March the twenty-first and April the twentieth. And you were talking about your emotions as you had to go back to Haldeman and Ehrlichman. And talking about the emotion that you made out to us in the days that... you were asked about the mistakes... we're in an extraordinary moment in our history. We're not doing what the American people want to hear? Not because they want to hear it, but we're to tell it to us and so on. Would you go further than the mistakes? You've explained how you can control an in this thing. You've explained your power. I don't want to explain how any of this just coming to the other substance—would you go further, this mistake, the word that is not enough for people to understand?

Well, what word would you express? It was the most surprising episode I had ever had in my life. It had spent hours cross-examining Richard Nixon. Now he wanted me to testify for him. Yes, yes, yes. I was able to frame with pen and what we wanted to hear from him. The moment would be best never to be repeated. As a symbolic gesture I picked up my clipboard from my lap and tossed it onto the floor beside my chair. Let me say that my concern is now out there—which is why I checked the clipboard away—not to be legitimate at anything about abstractness of justice and so on and things we've discussed so far and so on. I think there are three things—since you asked me that then—sleeping

question—I would like to hear you say and the American people would like to hear you say. One is there was probably more than mistakes... there was wrong doing. Whether it was a crime or not—yes, it may have been a crime. So, secondly, I did—and I'm saying this without questioning the man's right—I did about the power I had as President, or did not hold the totality, the cash of office. That is the second thing. And thirdly, I put the American people through two years of agony and it appears for that.

And I say that to you've explained your mistakes—I think these are the mistakes. And I know how difficult it is for anyone, and most of all you, but I think that the people need to hear, and I think that you see it, you're going to be heard for the rest of your life.

Nixon's statement was a symphony of many movements. It had to be listened to as such. At any given point, a variation could be mistaken for the main theme.



Nixon struggles to justify his actions.

My mental seemed momentarily to drive off the air from Nixon's lips. There he began slowly, hesitantly. No, it had not been a good time for the country. But he had been in a "five hour war" with a physician under a partisan Ervin committee, a partisan special-prosecutor staff and a partisan judiciary-committee staff. "Now, under all these circumstances, my reactions is some of the statements and press conferences and so forth after that, I want to say right here and now, I said things that were not true. Most of them were fundamentally true on the big issues, but without going as far as I should have gone and saying perhaps, that I had considered other things but not done them.

I brought myself down. I gave them a

second. And they stuck it in. And they wanted it with risk. And I guess, if I'd been in their position, I'd have done the same thing.

The country couldn't afford having the President in the dock in the United States Senate. And there can never be an impeachment in the future of this country without a President voluntarily impeach himself. I have impeached myself. That speaks for itself.

Then, How do you mean, I have impeached myself?

Nixon's response. That was not only apologetic.

The former President declined again to read legal documents that may be voluntary act of self-impeachment. Nor was he ready to admit greater personal knowledge of the cover-up events between the time of the break-in and his March 21 interviews from Dean. But then his monologue took a dramatic turn.

Now, when you come to the period—and this is the critical period—and March twenty-first, when Dean gave his legal opinion that certain things actions taken by Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, et al.—and even by himself—amounted to a conspiracy to obstruct justice, I was in a very different position.

And during this period, I will admit that I started acting as a lawyer for their defense.

"I will admit that acting as a lawyer for their defense, I was not advocating the case."

"I will admit that during this period, rather than acting primarily in my role as the chief law-enforcement officer in the United States of America, and, at least, with responsibility for law enforcement—because the Attorney General is the chief law-enforcement officer—but as the one with the chief responsibility for seeing that the law of the United States is enforced, that I did not meet that responsibility."

And so the extent that I did not meet that responsibility, to the extent that I wrote the law, and in some cases gave right to the edge of the law in trying to advise Ehrlichman and Haldeman and all the rest as to how best to proceed their cases became I thought they were legally mistaken, that I came to the edge.

And under the circumstances, I would have to say that a reasonable person could call that a cover-up.

He tucked off the microphone and references like words in a indictment. And when he said—with a surprising look of emotion—"I would have to say that a reasonable person could call that a cover-up," he seemed like a man who as both defendant and jury foreman was returning a verdict against himself.

It was as no surprise this less than neutral conclusion was followed by the now traditional Nixon retreat, where he



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By Roger Greenwald

and Jeff Gaudin

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west are to report that he himself did not regard his actions as a cover-up and that he had wanted to cover up. He could simply have granted clemency after the election, saving the political shock by granting amnesty to the Vietnam war resisters and deserters, as we'll see.

That was old hat. I had long been thoughtful through the reasons for his acting as he did: the probe, the stubbornness, the ability to view himself as different as people when the circumstances demanded that he play different roles. They were part of the psychology of Richard Nixon, and I thought that by this time I understood them as such.

The rumors were also part of the psychology. So were the digressions. He could wait only so long at the peak of his emotional roller coaster. He went from grating details to terrifying slides to the periods of medication and emotional release. His statements were a synthesis of many moods. It had to be believed and appreciated as such. As any given mind, a variation could be mistaken for the man's true.

But now for some down to the key point—and let me stress it in my own way—about Nixon. How do I feel about the American people?

We were ready for the finale now. He told of his farewell dinner at the White House with his closest congressional supporters on the evening of August 8, 1974, moments before he would appear on television to deliver his resignation speech. He had pointed around the table. His friends were crying. And then the President began to cry. As he rose from the podium to face an uncertain personal destiny, he said, "I am sorry. I just hope I haven't let you down."

Well, where I said, "I just hope I haven't let you down, that's true!"

"I had... I let down my friends. I let down the country. I let down our system of government and the dreams of all these young people that ought to get into government. But think it's all too serious, and the rest... Most of all, what I fear the greatest—not that I don't hope and pray that President Carter will be able to make progress in his peace initiatives—I let down an opportunity that I would have had for two and a half more years to provide all great people and programs for holding a lasting peace, which has been as great as you know from our first interview in 1968, before I had any thought I might ever win this year. It didn't tell you I didn't think I might win, but I wasn't sure."

"Yes, I... I let the American people down. And I have to carry that burden with me for the rest of my life."

"My political life is over."

"I will never get up and ever again, have

an opportunity to serve in any official position. Maybe you give a little advice from time to time."

"I can only say that as answer to your questions that while technically I did not commit a crime, as a responsible officer... these are hard calls."

As far as the handling of the matter is concerned, it was so botched up. I made so many bad judgments, the worst ones mistakes of the heart rather than the head, as I pointed out. But, let me say, a man at that top job... let's put it, he's gotta have a heart. But his head must always rule his heart."

The man whose pride would not permit him to say, "I broke the law. I violated my

Nixon seemed to have aged five years in the past few days. His voice was husky with fatigue, his eyes strained and bloodshot. His face bore marks of that terrified look of his last months in office.



Taking down. (left) Nixon and Ford relax

conscientious duty, had come as close to admitting both as his pathology would allow. I was moved—shock—by the experience we had just shared.

Nixon saying, "I let ourselves in right. My President, you know, it's a burden you've got to carry with you for the rest of your life. I think it may be a little lighter after what you've said."

I doubt it," Nixon said sadly. He recalled a conversation with Edward Cox, Nixon's husband, the night before he resigned. "Well, at least this cut it off. He'd be dead now." "We'll go out to California and they'll love us there."

"Oh no, they won't. Cox, a Princeton and Harvard law school graduate and former associate of Ralph Nader, had replied, "You don't know these people. I know them. Let me tell you something about them. I worked in the U.S. attorney's office in New York. And I went to school with some of these people. They're tough. They're smart. But none

of all, they hate you with a passion. Mostly because of the war and some because of other reasons. And they will attack like them, and the press, they're going to hound you. They're going to hound you for the rest of your life."

And," said Nixon, "in my candid state, I can say they have, and they will, and I will take it. I hope, like a man."

"But, as before we finish Mr. President this, is this has been more... Been tough for you?" Nixon asked good-naturedly.

"Well, no. I replied, "But I was going to see that. I feel we're..."

"Covered a lot of ground!"

—been through a life, almost, rather than a moment of it, thank you."

Five. Three again, said Nixon.

Well, let's get out of here. And he was up and heading for a cup of water and his usual release of some light post interview banter, probably unrelated to whatever he had just been discussing.

But this time the two staffs would have none of it. As deeply moved as I, they stayed into the living room, accompanying us, concluding the former President and his interview for one of the most extraordinary moments any man in could ever hope to be privy to. Bob Zelack shook the former President's hand warmly, the first such salute since their introduction after the resignation about Cambodia.

John Bell was not behind. Ken Khachigian, Jack Browne, and others took turns shaking my hand and complimenting me on the way I had handled the interview situation. Diane Sawyer kissed my cheek.

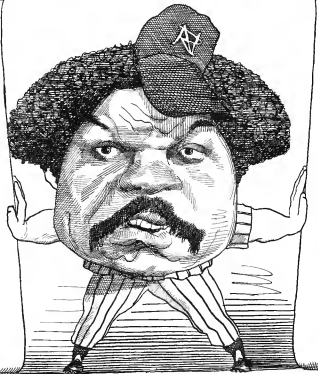
Do you think they'll accept what he said as satisfactory?" Khachigian asked. "I would certainly hope so," said Zelack. "The President was in front today as God has given him the capacity to be honest."

"Is there?" Diane asked sadly. "You people are journalists, and good ones. And you're probably learned more about Richard Nixon than any other outsiders at the world. Sometimes I think you know him better than we do. But I think we know more about your colleagues than you do. Just watch. They're going to see your show. And they're going to tear him to shreds."

Where Is China?

After the first two interviews were finished, I paid a last visit to Richard Nixon, one once again at the risk of his San Clemente.

He took my companion, Caroline, by the hand. Finally, warmly, this man reproachfully so uncomfortable with meanness. He took her to the window and pointed. Out there in China, he said



Reggie Looks Back in Anger

by Philip Taubman

The bitter '77 season killed the joys of baseball for the Yankee star

This is the story of an athlete dying young. In many ways, it is hard to feel sympathy for him. He is rich, brash, superlatively talented, and he does not hesitate to let the world know it.

But Reggie Jackson, the pride and pain of the New York Yankees, no longer has his playing days left. As he enters the opening of spring training, only weeks away, the hero of last year's World Series is strangely shunned from his teammates and his fans. At a time when most ballplayers are celebrating the longest, unopposed routine of training camp, Jackson must sit at the New York skyline from his new high above PNB Avenue and is preoccupied with anger, bitterness and vengeance.

These feelings have been bottled up for months, and they burst out like a volcanic eruption. "I'm not going to be messed with this year," says Jackson. The glass disappears from his eyes. They are like cold steel. "I'm not taking on that from my teammates. Things are gonna be different in 1978. If anyone gives me trouble, I'll be present. I'll be sure I can get them alone. I know when they'll be alone. Maybe after the game on the way to the bus, or in the elevator or the hotel. Whenever it is, I'm gonna stop them and say, 'You aren't going to shit on me this year, you mother. I'm this close to blowing up.'" Jackson holds his thumb and

forefinger a hair apart. "Don't mess with me or I'll lose you apart!" The moment passes and the intensity fades from Jackson's face. He fills his mug with dark black coffee. "It's hard to understand," he says, "unless you lived through what I did last year."

What Jackson lived through was hell. From the acrid, hot confrontations with his manager and teammates turned like a season-long soap opera. It was good entertainment for him—Billy Martin trying to shag Jackson in the dugout at Fenway Park, Thurman Munson ridiculing Jackson's attempts to challenge his leadership, the entire bench watching Reggie after he hit home runs. It was hard for most people to identify with the cast of offbeat athletes and blazing egos. Even the New York fans, who had greeted Jackson warmly in the spring, took to booing him for sloppy fielding and prone down behavior.

Behind the melodrama, there was genuine pain. If one day Jackson is an athlete who wants to be loved and admired in New York, he was rejected. A good deal of the fault was his own. Reggie's vision of himself has always been larger than his accomplishments warrant. He is a stroke letter. When he is hot, there is no one better in baseball. As he demonstrated in the World Series with race bats, eight 3-B's and five home runs, including the three consecutive ones in the last game.

When he is cold, forget it. Jackson has never hit consistently enough to hit .300

for a season. His fielding is terrible. Yet he rates himself the best player in the game, and he expects others, including his teammates, to treat him as such. He assumed the Yankees would welcome his skills and leadership. "I came to New York a winner," he says. "I had three World Championship rings. The year before I arrived, the Yankees lost the World Series in four straight games."

The Yankees were not impressed. They resented Jackson's arrogance. A nasty undercurrent of racial animosity developed between Jackson and several white players, including Munson, relief pitcher Sparky Lyle and third baseman Graig Nettles. It permeated all events. In the celebration after the World Series, Jackson and Munson tried to laugh it away. "Hey, come, come good," came. Munson told Jackson, and they hugged. When Reggie missed a poring punch, Munson said, "Hey, c'mon, you're too slow, the party's over!" It was a belated, inattentive attempt at cheering.

Munson disliked Jackson's bat and refused to hit him cleanup until midway through the season. Even Reggie's stylish wardrobe became an issue. His teammates thought he was flaunting his wealth, including their wish for his expensive clothes (he had signed a purported \$2.9 million contract with Yankee owner George Steinbrenner).

Some players might have shrugged off the chill. Not Jackson. He tried to compensate for the frosty reception with his bat and glove, and in playing too hard he

Philip Taubman is the sports editor of *Esquire* magazine.
Illustration by David Levine

OUTDOORS

small animal, say a muskrat, if you are making up some sort of snare trap, and cut off the head and feet. Then close out the cavity and cut the animal across the backbone into strips. Put the strips into a large bottle and seal it against flies (which can pass maggots) then bury the bottle for a week. These natural snare are "tamed" by that time and make three live bait.

If you can't wait to go through all this, you can buy ready-made—here, that means all exonerates. Sometimes they are made out of the animal's own glands, sometimes out of the animal's own skin. Sometimes they are blends. They are all more or less based on some kind of animal's own perfume.

O.E. Butcher near Shushan, New York, makes and bottles all sorts of scents and soaps. Butcher sells his scents in the twenty thousand and so on to order, retailing and in a number of bottles who carry in products on their shelves. And Butcher is not the largest such operation, by far.

Even though the ingredients of most of these wrapped products are safe, you can't find out what they are. You can hang around Fletcher's shop and asking the hour trap and the painter, and the others. You can talk trapping and cover the perimeter for hours, but you neither get O.E. Fletcher's advice, the proprietress, to tell you what goes into, for instance, Fisher Scout, which the author describes as "very powerful and long-lasting. As much a secret of the Fisher trapper. He wouldn't a Fisher bait as two years will surely pay you." And as Fisher traps should be without a little of this here. You get five ounces for \$1.50.

There may be a clue to the surprisingly overstepping of this boundary of social lines-and-bonds. Youngsters wait, raptly with the smell of glass and porcelaine. They know what animals eat and that which animals die they become something for other animals to eat. Flesh to flesh, but there are no smells in the four-color nature, migraines at the visible discontinuities, and it is easy to mistake and sentimentalize that which you cannot smell. Nothing so fully steeped in romance as the smell of a battlefield. The smell of decaying flesh reminds you that animals die and that all of the ways they die are ugly and painful. The big bold sign is just one small component of their suffering.

There is more to the vocabulary of the build over trapping. Significantly, only a few claim that far trapping is threatening any species with extinction. Most, the producer is regulated, and those who he have he can be sensibly regulated have, rationally, a higher opinion of human reason than those who would ban trapping is all forms.

[illegible]

If snappers are herbivores, then they have to go on a lot of trouble to satisfy their need for food. It's simple reality is all they have to mind, it would be a lot easier to live home and kick the dirt.

A giant, dark-brown tiger for instance may attack a human in a matter of seconds, mauling a poor tourist to death. A lion is more mobile just to find his prey. Each set is under water, and to make sure the lion is properly hunted the trapper will swim out to the lion's hole and throw a net to freezing water up to the shoulders. He will leave him, before dawn, to fend for himself—and if he is lucky and his nets are good—come home with a packed list of animals to skin that night. At Daro there's a place, they call it a market, where you can buy a lion's head for \$100, a country where, for example, New England and New York's 11th and 12th counties flourish by simply hunting. He lives in a trade where he works West Virginia, then Louisiana, then moves on West. Nobody knows how many he kills, but they say all the people that \$100,000 is a big thing.

And men trappers are not full-time professionals. During the Great Depression there were a lot of men who took in the sport after they lost their jobs. Old-time trappers sold their skins in these big, one-stop markets for as much as two thousand dollars. It was during the peaks of Hicks's sex-mad boom that beginners on his trail took his men to their traps. They said it was so easy to catch a fox that you could do it with your bare hands. There would be a lot of men trappers who'd sell off their skins, go back home and get a wife and kids, and then they'd get started out. One old expert for trappers from Massachusetts who was just out of business by that time's capital boom had a young son who moved north and started trapping muskrats. Fox trappers are a lot

But most mice who trap leeches on their own and learn what they are growing up. Trapping work-out has long been a way for small town boys and farm boys to make a few extra dollars and get out on their own. There have always been boys who were some of the best traps for Christmas, the

way either boys want, bikes and electric tricycles. One of those boys, grown now and working a factory job, came into Hall's, I wish the first three for he had ever trapped.

I started when I was a kid. Junior high school I guess. I would go out before school when it was still dark and check my traps. If I had anything, I slugged it out when I got back from school that night. I did that all through school. Now I can't wait until I've got weekend. That's the only time I have to go out and make my traps. But my job is so boring that trapping seems like fun in comparison.

This is the first year I've ever lost fat. You've got to be a lot more careful with this. They've all like fat. You've

Then, sailmen lashing them with your hands, you feel them in logwood attract to stain them. Then you dip them in wax—beeswax, usually. That makes the

It's hard, but sometimes when you know what he is doing, you can bring in thirty or forty traps in a session. He can bring his traps and his bait so he'll get the first by the right hand most every time. Or by the left from back of the work line.

There are three classes are red fox. One is a big, mule, sleep, not looking in for, with full fur. Even the untanned eye can see that it is a good animal. It brings fifty, five dollars. A second red fox, without the bold color and much smaller, is worth forty. I see this. I think a grey fox, brought thirty-eight dollars.

On a hot day like this, eight dollars is not much to live on. In every week-end, I have a half-month trapping season. But the young men consider it a good year. Some new work had to make an eventual workweek dollars so he holding down another job or waiting as what ever comes along. What they make with the traps is a very serious money. It's a good thing to get a little extra money during the winter, to be ready when the traps close. No lady man could bring it pellets in the condition of the young man's three fox skins. And nobody in the backwoods would be looking forward to the next season. All the coppers in the economy don't do as much permanent harm.

ability as the bullworker of a single major construction firm. And if there is an endangered species on the continent, it is the resourceful part-time wrapper who doesn't have any idea of how to fight back. He is, as ever, sure, when it comes down to it, what he is going to do. What did he ever do to Mary Tyler Moore? **tt**

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CUTTY SARK

GETTING AWAY

BY STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

A Travel Editor's Choices

A fiercely subjective sampling of the best restaurants and hotels

Travel editors share at least one occupational hazard with physicians: it's nearly impossible to attend any sort of social gathering without dispensing large doses of free advice. The travel writer's equivalent of "I've got a pin in the back here, Doc," is "Blame and I thought we'd take the kids team instead this year—it's much more like you like best!"

The first two hundred or so times this happens it's rather flattering, so you answer freely—until you learn that there's no such way to guarantee disaster than to recommend some idyllic site to a valued friend. Everything from a business to a honeymoon is virtually assured.

Writing about a special place is so bad for you if you don't attempt it through the hurdles that descend, then the chef gets advice on the art combining champagne just as the story hits the stands. The alternative, unfortunately, is to find honest work, so I suppose it's better to go on taking the pill.

To compound my own problems, I'm currently editing a new guidebook to the United States, so I'm even further out on the limb than usual. The enterprise has taken the best part of the past year, and I've chosen to avoid the normal encyclopedic approach and concentrate on answering old issues: "What's best?" questions. My intent is to provide a new insight into what's really first class around the U.S. at this moment.

Most of the research is now completed, and I've already made my own choices of the best hotels and restaurants in the major American cities. But before I present the top of my list, I'd like to explain a little about how the choices were made. I've been involved in sampling guidebook material for a fair period (having served as extended apprenticeship with

the Fodor series), and what I've found to be the absolutely least valuable approach is the sort of thing at the so-called personal tack. That's where someone like "me and Nancy" supposedly has personally appraised every one of the hotels and restaurants listed (on over twelve hundred pages) in the past year. The idea is laudable and not dumb, too, except any intelligent reader who takes the time to count the number of establishments would realize that such a personal opinion isn't physically possible much more often than once every five years.

But this deception is a minor problem compared with the total credibility no longer these "personal" opinions by irresponsible readers. For even if the most pragmatic guidebook editor actually visited every hotel and restaurant listed, there should still be substantial variations about the real value of the published opinion. Such visits must perforce be fleeting; one meal at a single five-star hotel restaurant, one night between the sheets in a supposedly first-class hotel. If the experience is pleasant, the result is a rave, though there's hardly any basis on which to judge whether the madon-madon was in all typical. And if the experience is dreadful—perhaps the result of a chef bent for the moment by the demands of unexpected levee, or a hotel staff rendered totally helpless by some unaccountable disaster—then the condemnation fly and the establishment is forever stained by the breath of bad reviews.

I prefer the idea and my approach to restaurant and hotel appraisal: personal sampling tempered by covered from the editorial sources. These strands of the editor are identical to strands of the city about which they are considered (and, ideally, have expense accounts to help them get around enough to compare). They should also have access to a fair number of visitors to their city so that

they may select opinions from those who regularly visit the local hotels. A lunch or dinner or even with such a contributor makes certain that major concerns, and from there it's a matter of timely checking of suggestions. An informed local resident is also far more apt to hear about (or uncover) some hidden gem, and, conversely, is the best person to perceive a connoisseur. In my opinion, there's a far better barometer of consistent excellence than is a single chance reviewer.

It is also important to understand that the choices here do not have the authority of an effect, the gospel according to Birnbaum. They affect me as far as I like your steak medium rare, certainly can't have the MSG left out of your Chinese food and can't believe in fresh fish that's cross-country flown this far. Less flexible readers may be less pleased.

I must also hasten to point out that the restaurant portion of this listing is prepared specifically for a prospective visitor, a tourist, or even a family intended to be the definitive guide to resident dining, since dining considerations affect the degree of hospitality and service provided a regular patron. The restaurant listed are not only the finest but are also establishments that remain first-class during the winter.

What follows is a list of the names of the best hotels and restaurants in twenty-five cities of the United States as they are scheduled to appear in *The Complete Guide to the United States, 1979*, which I edited. But the copy has not yet been sent to the printer, and it won't be until you've had a chance to look at the choices.

You might like to glance down my list and send yourself an opportunity so let your opinions be known before a guidebook goes to print. This is your chance to get in your two cents' worth, and your comments and criticisms will be carefully considered.

THE BEST HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS IN THE UNITED STATES

Atlanta

Birds Motel
(Good International) 11 One International Atlanta 30301, 404-525-0000. Very new and currently the best of a great group. Interior rooms overlook a lake and a half-acre atrium.
(Peachtree Plaza) 210 Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta 30301.



Good International, Atlanta

(404-525-1000) The world's milks hotel, with waterfront, a reflecting pool and a dramatic atrium providing rustic-décor that occasionally overindulges the superior rooms and solid service.
Birds Restaurant
The French Restaurant in the One International. A superb dining and dancing center.

are surpassed only by the city's best French kitchen. **Nikola's Road** on the Atlanta Mall. Courtland and Martin St. N.E., Atlanta 30301. 404-415-3000. Opened more for prestige than profit, the dining room stands only \$100 a server. Reservations should be made before you arrive in the city.

Boston

Best Hotel
Ritz-Carlton (15 Arlington St.,
 Boston 02117) 617/554-7700 Just
 the right level of traditional
 elegance for this historic city.



Best Lodging, Boston

Best Restaurants
Luckie-Otto's (1 Water Pl.,
 Boston 02108) 617/543-1340
 Spectacularly stuffy, providing
 along with a variety of
 tradition. The menu is (but
 options are as good as the
 demonstrators' call.

Best Carlton Dining Room in
 the Ritz-Carlton hotel.
Old-Fashioned breakfast with a
 view of the Public Garden.
 Large lovely terrace.
The Modern Gourmet (418
 Union St., Boston Center 02109)
 617/663-1250 Perhaps
 America's best example of the
 creative rendering of everyday
 cuisine. Modernism. Korman
 combines the best of Savoy-
 rovine (Friday and Saturday
 only) with angular, bizarre
 fare (Tuesday, Wednesday,
 Thursday).

Chicago
Best Hotel
Ritz-Carlton (148 E. Pearson,
 Chicago 60611) 312/366-1800
 New, but still up to the
 traditional standard of
 elegance and excellence.
The Whistler Hotel (40 E.
 Delaware Pl., Chicago 60611)
 312/666-4300 Semi- and
 personal with a superb polished
 restaurant open only to
 members and registered
 guests.



The Whistler Hotel, Chicago



The Whistler Hotel, Chicago

Timon (100 E. Chestnut St.,
 Chicago 60611) 312/751-1900
 Full of seventeenth- and
 eighteenth-century English
 furnishings, with a lobby that
 looks like someone's back
 living room.

Best Restaurants
Le Parnasse (70 E. Wacker Pl.,
 Chicago 60611) 312/496-7900
 Heavy, romantic, and provincial,
 it's a subtle yet superb
 dining room.

Chester's (110 E. Ontario Road,
 312/711-3000) Concealed and
 created by the management of
 New York City's "21" Club,
 with much of the same success.
The Rusty (120 W. Kasloff
 Ave., Chicago 60644)
 312/473-6943 The city's most
 eclectic menu, beautiful light
 and busy.

Cincinnati

Best Hotel
Stanley's Colonial Towers
 (161 W. 4th St., Cincinnati 45201)
 513/521-8000 Most modern so
 town but comes like 18th and
 19th-century architecture.
Best Restaurants
Malcolm's (114 E. 4th St.,
 Cincinnati 45202) 561/721-2000
 Would be it or near the top of
 the restaurant list in any
 city. A delightful surprise
 here.



Malcolm's, Cincinnati

Cleveland

Best Hotel
Swinging (1800 Carnegie Ct.,
 Cleveland 44115) 216/641-3501
 Good service and spacious
 rooms, the top choice despite
 close proximity to the lake
 (combustible plating) befitting
 a Victorian bordello with
 contemporary decor.

Best Restaurants
Louise's (15111 Chagrin Blvd.,
 Shaker Heights 44120)
 216/325-6400 The foundation
 of Shaker Heights dining
 featuring a traditional
 continental menu.

Dallas

Best Hotel
Fairmont (Rena and Akard,
 Dallas 75201) 214/761-3644 For
 and away the best, conveying
 the impression of a definite
 continental boundary that has
 somehow been dropped into
 the middle of a prairie.



Fairmont, Dallas

Best Restaurants
Pyramidal Room (in the Fairmont
 hotel). Superb fine dining in
 an occasional state room
 (Korean of Mexican
 cuisine) now also offered.

Dorland House (401 N. Ruggs,
 Wacochee 75165) 214/937-6823
 A reserved French
 restaurant style, where
 every meal starts with a
 bouquet. B.Y.O.B.
 (Wacochee is a dry town.)

Denver

Best Hotel
Brown Palace (320 17th St.,
 Denver 80202) 303/429-5111 A
 piece of the history that is
 now faded in 1970 that's not
 degraded anywhere.

Best Restaurants
Palace Arms (in the Brown
 Palace Hotel). The only truly
 splash dining room in the city,
 featuring Hungarian fare with
 a French accent.



Palace Arms, Denver

Detroit

Best Hotel
Detroit Plaza (Kalamazoo
 Corridor, Detroit 48226)
 313/561-8000 Just about the
 cheapest in round town.

design, features hundred
 rooms of security, three floors
 all at a head-on.
Hotel Regency (Fountain Town
 Center, Dearborn 48126)
 313/595-1750 Right in the
 middle of Ford Motor
 Company country, in a quiet
 suburban setting.

Best Restaurants
London Chop House (151 W.
 Congress, Detroit 48226)
 313/562-1870 The swiftest.
 Gruber provides over super
 steaks and chops.
 Status-conscious diners
 should insist on being seated
 west of the bar.

Honolulu

Best Hotel
Kohala Hilton (2000 Kalahele
 Ave., Honolulu 96816)
 808/734-7200 A protected
 enclave in the reserved from all
 the high rises and fine-lined
 Emancipation of Honolulu is
 a step.

Best Restaurants
The Third Floor (in the Honolulu
 Regency Hotel) 2535 Kalia
 Ave., Honolulu 96815
 808/927-4410 A very welcome
 (and extremely good)
 combination of respect from all the
 "Hawaii" Polynesian food
 found nearby even palatable.



Wendell, Honolulu

Best Hotel
Wendell (1700 Main, Houston
 77002) 713/526-9991 The
 traditional Texas style,
 with
 a superb service, middle
 century and European styling.



Wendell, Houston

"I went back home. To see it for the first time."



Arthur Kozminski, New York, N.Y.

"Even though I was
 born in America, I didn't
 grow up with Mother
 Goose stories. I grew up
 with Przemysl stories,
 the small town in Poland
 where my father was born.

"His stories were so
 vivid that I grew to love
 the town of my imagination.
 After many years, I
 was able to realize my
 dreams and visit this town
 I had known all my life.

"I walked the same streets and saw the same sights that my
 father had described to me years before.

"I went to the Town Hall to find out if any records of my family
 still existed. The Kurzwil family originated in this town. One date
 I was sure of was the birth of my great grandfather, in 1867. The
 keeper of records climbed up a creaky old ladder and reached for a
 dusty book marked 1860-1870 and showed me not only the entry of
 my great grandfather's birth but the marriage of my great, great
 grandparents as well.

"I found that there is much left of my
 Eastern European heritage. Not only
 records but a great deal of history. But I had
 to be a detective. I had to take that journey.
 And I had to look."

An airline like ours does a lot of things.

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 our airline helps somebody discover the second heritage every
 American has.

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GETTING AWAY

apple and a glass of cherry served each evening at bedtime.

Best Restaurants
Tough (1800 S. Pico Ave.,
 House 7307) 313-620-4770. A
 stronghold of elegance in this
 propertyfully refined eatery.
Monterey (482 Laurel Canyon,
 7300) 313-68-9999. Roominess
 what is perhaps the most
 exclusive wine cellar of any
 restaurant in the Southwest.
Nadia's (3739 Normandie,
 House 7360) 313-228-1179.
 The local "meat" for Mexican
 specialties.

Kansas City

Best Motel
Crown Center (1111 Franklin St.,
 Kansas City, Mo. 64106,
 816-424-6628). A hotel out of
 Ray Kroc's supermodern and
 suitably safe.
Alameda Plaza (West 8th and
 Ward Pkwy., Kansas City Mo.
 64112) 816-736-1300. The most
 comfortable choice (Renaissance
 Royale stayed here) is a
 Spanish-style building at the
 Country Club Plaza shopping
 center.



Alameda Plaza, Kansas City
Best Restaurants
La Bodega (Auberge in the
 Renaissance Center 4th and
 Washington, Kansas City, Mo.
 64105) 816-425-1380. Strange
 setting, but with an airy, 10-foot
 drop wind off the beer and
 barbecue.

Los Angeles

Best Motel
The Beverly Hills (9600 Sunset
 Blvd., Beverly Hills 90210,
 313-276-0211). With the stars
 and the movie vixen, and just
 what you'd want in a Hollywood
 bed to look like.
Relax (481 Shaw Canyon Rd.,
 Los Angeles 90024) 213-473-1211.
 Would you believe, casual?
 They still glide on the pond
 here, and the traditional
 intimacy still thrives.

The Beverly Wilshire (1900
 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills
 90212) 313-275-4267. The
 "inter-space" rooms in the
 new building also assure you to
 death, so make sure you put up
 at the old wing.



The Beverly Wilshire, L.A.

Crown Plaza (Aurum at the
 State, Los Angeles 90067,
 213-277-2000). For those with no
 expectations to starve, just a
 decent but well-served and
 efficient operation.
Best Restaurants
B'Ermitage (780 N. La Cienega
 Blvd., Los Angeles 90049)
 313-493-9449. This is the best
 French restaurant in town.
Swampy (1900 Sunset Blvd., Los
 Angeles 90069) 313-276-3177.
 Renowned for over-the-top
 recreations, but the food is
 Scandinavian fare at its best.
Le 36 (Serrano 5351 Wilshire
 Ave., Los Angeles 90036,
 313-462-1384). Small and sedate
 rooms; a welcome respite from
 the town's L.A. French-in-
 American French mode.
Le Restaurant (1070 Wilshire Pl.,
 Los Angeles 90061,
 313-611-3535). One of those rare
 restaurants where the entire
 menu is prepared with
 conspicuous skill.

Miami
Best Hotel
Omni (4401 Biscayne Blvd.,
 Miami 33133) 305-371-0000. A
 much needed new presence
 at balconies (the tagging
 downed over cable television).
Best Restaurants
Club Vendôme (in the David
 Williams Hotel, 700 Biscayne Wp.,
 Coral Gables 33134,
 305-415-8844). Another
 surprising find in an unlikely
 locale.

Miami Beach
Best Hotel
Doral (4631 Collins Ave., Miami
 Beach 33140) 305-432-8600. The
 last example of the old opulent

style, a reminder of the best of
 a decade or so ago.
Best Restaurants
Cafe Chausson (5501 E. Bay
 Harbor Dr., Bay Harbor Island
 33154) 305-866-4770. Once the
 class of New York City's
 dining scene, now the best on
 the beach.

Minneapolis-St. Paul

Best Hotel
Marquette Inn (110 Marquette
 Ave., Minneapolis 55402,
 612-553-2311). Where Princess
 Margaret stayed in '74. Charming,
 spacious rooms to the center of
 the downtown area.
Hotel Salford (400 W. 7th St.,
 Minneapolis 55415,
 612-432-1900). The only North
 American link in the extensive
 French hotel chain.
 Everything from authentic
 croissants to the Midwest's
 only bistro.
Best Restaurants
The Blue House (2225 University
 Ave., St. Paul 55104,
 612-643-8161). The small
 haven of local business
 types.

New Orleans

Best Hotel
Patchouli Inn (250 St. Charles
 Ave., New Orleans 70130,
 504-581-0117). Only eight
 rooms. Slowly owned and
 managed. Absolutely
 first class.



Penchant, New Orleans.
Best Restaurants
Cardinal Blues (in the
 Renaissance Hotel). All the
 best of Creole cooking,
 superbly prepared and
 elegantly served.
Le Balth's (636 Franklin St.,
 Gretna 70165) 504-581-0117.
 Owner/Chef Warren Le Balth is
 a local legend who has
 developed a menu that is
 enormously varied and truly
 special.

New York

Best Motel
Pierre (4th Ave. and 41st St.,
 N.Y.C. 10017) 212-678-4000. The
 most luxurious stopping place
 in midtown.
**Regency Park Ave. and 41st
 St.** N.Y.C. 10021 212-759-4508.
 Where the movers and shakers
 now stay, a relatively recent
 address.
The Carlyle (35 E. 74th St.,
 N.Y.C. 10021) 212-744-1000.
 Upward elegance: the place
 where the Kennedys
 (traditionally put up). Quiet and
 serene.

The Taming (120 E. 76th St.,
 N.Y.C. 10019) 212-686-9600.
 Perhaps the best value in town
 for dollars spent.
Best Restaurants
Rankin (249 E. 58th St., N.Y.C.
 10022) 212-753-2225. America's
 leading French restaurant
 with every dish a joy.
La Comedie (31 W. 58th St.,
 N.Y.C. 10019) 212-546-4253. The
 traditional fortress of haute
 cuisine.

Franklin D. Roosevelt (60 Rock
 St., N.Y.C. 10014) 212-629-4426.
 Special, innovative post-dishes
 highlight the French Roman
 food.

Palm (227 2nd Ave., N.Y.C.
 10001) 212-462-2000. The best
 value steak in the city.
Peter Luger (178 Broadway,
 Brooklyn 11211) 212-337-7400.
 The best T-bone steak in the
 city.

Shen Lee Palace (150 E. 58th St.,
 N.Y.C. 10002) 212-373-6944.
 Chef Wang is one of New York
 City's top most talented
 Chinese cooks. Be sure to go to
 the Palace.
Pump (219 E. 45th St., N.Y.C.
 10017) 212-462-4000. No Ping
 pong, comes directly from Taiwan,
 where he has owned. Best of
 (has) added a best location. His
 New York stand is up to that
 high standard.

Toku-Toku (111 E. 46th St.,
 N.Y.C. 10017) 212-755-5155. The
 present leader of the rapidly
 changing local Japanese food
 community.
The Palace (408 E. 58th St.,
 N.Y.C. 10002) 212-355-5155.
 America's most expensive
 restaurant added worth the
 price.

Market Bar & Dining Room
 (272 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10036,
 212-754-1331). A wonderfully



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GETTING AWAY

Irreverent music is a delightful atmosphere.

The Couch Home (118 Waverly St., N.Y.C. 10014, 212-577-0361)

The best "American" restaurant in New York.

Man's Dining Club (155 E. 90th St., N.Y.C. 10021, 212-460-4964)

Only 160 tables, but the sort of superb food and unusual atmosphere that visitors come to New York to find.

The Four Seasons (191 E. 52nd St., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-754-9444)

Perhaps the most beautiful dining room in the city, with a propensity that is ornate and extremely nice.



The Four Seasons, New York City

The "CB" Club (21 W. 52nd St., N.Y.C. 10019, 212-687-7209)

The legendary atmosphere and unique clientele catches are what lure most visitors, but the repertoire of fresh guests here suggests to be the finest in this country.

Philadelphia

Best Hotel

Murphy's (181 City Ave., Philadelphia 19114, 215-460-0200)

The best of a very sexy lot.

Best Restaurant

La Boccia (1112 Spruce St., Philadelphia 19107, 215-759-3000)

This is amazing, America's best, a French dining room that is truly worthy of the name.

Pittsburgh

Best Hotel

Wilkes-Parr (1010 Sycamore St., Pittsburgh 15228, 412-381-3400)

Best to every American President since 1906, an Edwardian atmosphere.

Best Restaurant

La West (1114 Goodview, Pittsburgh 15213, 412-431-3400)

Set atop Mount Washington, with a fine view of the three rivers of the Golden Triangle.

Sponsor French menu.

San Diego

Best Hotel

Little America Venoge (1000 2nd Ave., San Diego 92101, 714-296-1800)

Eligible for a five-star rating that includes a favorite to antique furnishings and hip-a-bone. Service is right to the imposing surroundings.

Hotel Del Coronado (1750 Ocean Ave., Coronado 92118, 714-435-8400)

One of the great old seaside resort hotels, in a lovely setting.



Hotel Del Coronado, San Diego

Best Restaurant

Anchor's Star of the Sea (1000 Harbor Drive and Ark, San Diego 92101, 714-252-1980)

Set right in the pier, its own fleet brings to the freshest possible catch.

Peninsula Dining Room (in the Little America Venoge hotel)

White-gloved waiters and superb food reflect the general hotel atmosphere.

San Francisco

Best Hotel

Washington (1777 California St., San Francisco 94109, 415-474-5000)

Understated elegance atop Nob Hill.

The Stanford Court (900 California St., San Francisco 94108, 415-398-2000)

Traditional style and service wonderfully combined with original flair.

Club Caesars at Taylor (San Francisco 94102, 415-775-4700)

Downtown's most luxurious hotel.



Club Caesars, San Francisco

Fairmont (1970 Mission St., San Francisco 94106, 415-772-5000)

The best of the traditional favorites.

Best Restaurant

Donna (714 Montgomery St., San Francisco 94111, 415-397-5400)

Italian-cum-contemporary food as a lush atmosphere, closely supervised by the proprietor.

Ernie's (147 Montgomery St., San Francisco 94111, 415-397-3900)

Victorian atmosphere provides the background for the city's best continental table.

Trader Vic's (28 Cosmo Pl., San Francisco 94109, 415-776-2152)

The original and still the best by far.

The Windward (100 North Point, San Francisco 94108, 415-475-8812)

The city's most successful Chinese restaurant, with a wide variety of oriental dishes.

Seattle

Best Hotel

Westin Harbor Plaza (1908 5th Ave., Seattle 98101, 206-424-7400)

The new forty-story tower at night is the heart of the city's shopping district.

Spectacular views (Olympic Hills and beyond, Yearly 98111, 206-424-7500)

Flagship of the new Westin International chain: the fulcrum of the city's social life for fifty-four years.



Olympic, Seattle

Best Restaurant

The Other Place (149 Union, Seattle 98101, 206-424-7140)

Came from farms developed by the owner includes the sculpture, quilt and musical chairs.

St. Louis

Best Hotel

Clare Park Plaza (212 Kingshighway Blvd., St. Louis 63106, 314-361-2500)

Though the modernity of the rooms

varies widely, the general standard is quite high.



Clare Park Plaza, St. Louis

Best Restaurant

Sam's Club (N. Broadway, St. Louis 63102, 314-231-7000)

So how come the owner's name is Vase? No matter: nothing is left to chance, and the meals are very fine indeed.

Washington, D.C.

Best Hotel

The Madison (177 14th St. N.W., D.C. 20005, 202-662-6000)

The traditional leader, still excellent.

The Watergate (2655 Virginia Ave. N.W., D.C. 20007, 202-962-2000)

Don't let the name throw you—if it's first-class and the best address for getting in and out of the city.



Watergate, Washington, D.C.

Loews L'Enfant Plaza (144 L'Enfant Plaza East S.W., D.C. 20004, 202-464-1000)

Recently underwent a face change.

Best Restaurant

Sam's Club (178 14th St. N.W., D.C. 20005, 202-288-7000)

When the power brokers meet to exchange favors: Giddy enough, the food equals the one of character.

Le Pennequin (1214 14th St. N.W., D.C. 20004, 202-223-3420)

Probably the most elegant kitchen in the city, featuring a superb head chef.

Custard d'Indes (1214A 14th St. N.W., D.C. 20005, 202-478-0100)

Northern Italian specialties impressively prepared.

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



The "Yachtman" glass created for the Buchanan's Collection by Henry Hixson.

Author of "The World's Most Beautiful Hotels" and "The World's Most Beautiful Restaurants".

Spending the Night At Her Place

One side effect of the women's movement that takes getting used to

A few years ago, word started filtering back from the backwoods offices of the land that the women's movement had produced unfortunate side effects in some men. Lute hyperextension. And premature ejaculation. And, most harrowing, impotence. "It is... an evil witch," started with this one: "To sleep close to my bed for not having to pick up the check."

But, happily, most of us have learned to live with—even to welcome—the past decade's staggering almost-meets-in-the-rehearsal-between-the-actors have convinced ourselves that in the long term, the changes are probably as good for us as for them. God knows it isn't easy to alter our ways. But every time we spend a night in a man's home, we are reminded of the kitchen sink, why he is considerate of their preferences in the sack (try—though it is sometimes irresponsible—to resist inserting their wives when they behave one of our aspects before friends ever desert).

But there are, alas, some things that money of us will never get used to—like having to spend the night at her place.

It was once a given that lovers, long-term or spousal, would pass the night in the male's house. Sure, we might say to be courteous or civil: "My place or yours?" But we always meant mine. We wanted it that way needed it for convenience and for security. At our place we knew where everything was, where everything belonged, how everything worked (the triflingest bottle of L'Oréal bathfoam 47—for welfare's sake—was in the cabinet beneath the stereo). The Gross—for attaching a record—was in the bottom shelf of the purty, the Anac—(for the three a, in seven heads brought on by the brown-eyed jerk in the office—was right where we had left it, next to the Desires).

In our place we were, quite simply, in charge. If the phone rang and there was a female voice on the other end, we could often use that shadow of uncertainty pass over our current visitor's face:

"Who was that?" should look frigging northward.

Harry Stein is an *Esquire* contributing editor. For months out of the year he edits the *Esquire* magazine. From Metro

"Oh, just someone I used to know," we'd reply, and leave it at that.

And, really, there was always the certain knowledge that she was there in your sufficiency, that if you would her out she would love to go. Paradise. A wife was never mind: to go to sleep with a woman and waking up alone. Well, at your place that was always in the cards. Some men were actually able to tell women to leave. "I'll see you later," they'd say, or, "Sorry, I do. I just have to sleep."

In *The Man Who Loved Women*, the Truffaut film about a compulsion to seduce, the hero makes a policy of impolitely rejecting the women from the past as soon as possible after the conclusion of sex. Most of us—like me—think we were more sensitive—when I sleep to put it quite so bluntly. We would, instead, make life so miserable for the women—by whining or fidgeting or picking a fight or doing things that we were sure she had no reason to—(that she would leave of her own volition). I have one friend, a lawyer who purchased a pair of L'Oréal—the St. Louis Cardinals' soccer champion's album of 1964 and the Tins' Christmas album—(that he married would get virtually any woman—and more men for that matter—out of his house in ten minutes).

But now, suddenly, a woman feels free to insist that we go to her place, and that same lack of resolve we once took for sensitivity has come back to haunt us. We go. We are there at her sufficiency. And often, for too often, we suffer.

W hat kind of depression, depression, stimulation, leads us to place ourselves in such a position? The male black widow spider, it is said, literally gives up his life for sex, is consumed by his mate immediately after copulation. Is our ending meant that simple? Or our last?

One thing is certain: very few of us display much more capacity for self-preservation than the goddamn insect. Even for men in their thirties and forties and fifties, successful men who have always had a clear way, there is usually a first time at her place. They put up as they say about the portal, hallway and

manage a smile. "Hey, this is nice!"

Never mind that, often blocks away, their jobs—consequently more very fortunate, successfully more attractive—(as vacant I have shared a writer in his early forties, who spent ten years prying off one of the most magnificent apartments in Manhattan, an entire duplex complete with a game room and a swimming pool after night he'd sell himself at his girlfriend's place, a 5200-month studio, where he has become close with several roomies).

E ven under the best of circumstances, her place is a foreign land, a land dotted in peeks and begins, full of throw pillows and hanging plants, Art Deco prints and all kinds of cozy little love-kisses. It is usually the kind of place where you feel lucky about putting your feet up on the furniture and would be absolutely terrified if, heaven forbid, you overheard an infidelity. It is not, let's face it, a place that brings out the essential you.

Not in general, at her bed. New town bed—there's a work of art, large and firm and even under the most trying circumstances, silent. You bed with a thought was a coldly pragmatic eye. But here, often as not, was purchased simply because it was so awfully pretty. It is made of nineteenth-century brass or some kind of polished, brittle wood, and it is covered with a fine handmade quilt that must be carefully folded and put away before the bed can be used. It is also usually wide enough for one and a half people, tops, and long enough to comfortably accommodate the average distance of the nineteenth century. Five feet six inches. I know a guy who after a month and a half of sleeping with his bare foot dangling out into space, of nightly cracking his forehead against brass bars during foreplay, finally had the industry suggest to his house that her bed was less than perfection. She stared at him coldly. "I did not get it to please you."

Yep, that's the rub. *Enormous* in that place is a reflection of her tastes, her personality, her needs. In the old days, when a new woman stayed at your place, there was always a certain mystery to her. What was she really like beyond that





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ESQUIRE
EST. 1896

BEHAVIOR

one male? How sharp was the realization behind those flicking eyebrows? What were her secret obsessions, the ones she brooded on behind closed doors? Well, now, at her place, it's all spelled out: by the linings of herself on the bedroom wall, by the open copy of *How To Be Her Own Boss* (laid on her night table, by the reflected back notes of *Men* near the fan chair in the living room.

Whatever air of mystery might linger after you've surveyed the rest of the premises evaporates instantly when you step into her bedroom. This is the area of her domain where you are least at home anyway, the one that most makes you long for home. You can take her to work yesterday's underpants tomorrow, but there's nothing that makes you feel quite so greedy to grab what you're not your own and your shaver. Her for Blue Jeans and her razor, the one with all the little leg hairs wedged in under the blade. You are a genius to do the trick. Even if you've had the foresight to turn over the all-purpose electric shaver—the kind with a shaver cap, a collapsible cap and plastic knives and forks that Hairmaster Schickman paddles for \$16.95—you are still likely to be thoroughly dominated by the pervasive perfume odor that seems to come built into many women's bathrooms.

But the killer, the absolute crusher, is when you spot in that bathroom one of those things the existence of which you just don't want to associate with this goddam of yours: vaginal deodorant. The military cream Wart remover Moxoderm. Kwik-Fix cream in a woman's bathroom sink for the cream used on Jane Allen or Doris Day, a profoundly sobering experience.

But worse still—worse, even, than discovering a monster supply of Kleenex—is finding evidence, rock hard and incontrovertible, that you are not the only one. Two extra toothbrushes in her ivory plastic cup, on a five-foot black marble—here are soap and ashtray—glazed to the floor of her bathroom. When you make such a discovery you lose all your bearings and emerge from this accursed chamber in a mist of utter confusion. Should you confront her about it? Should you rant and rave? Should you, perhaps, make light of it—plant a wily little grin on your face, offer her how much you yourself enjoy making water bursts out of condoms a fact that you are pleased to note, from the Trojans in the welcome cabinet, that she shares this interest. In the end, though, you know it's best to try and ignore it. Who are you to start making demands about Sclerol? But, hell, it hurts. There are few things in life more distressing than picking up a ringing phone without thinking and having some jerk ask for the woman you're with. It's worse even than picking up that

phone and finding her mother on the other end, or even when the woman is as lambasted as you are. But when it's possible, your chances of escaping are truly rich. The best you can do is pretend to be the furthest corner of the premises, open a magazine, pretend to read, and out your door.

When you are at her place, the potential variations on the "other man" theme are endless. I was once at the apartment of a former girl friend when someone she'd been seeing lately showed up. I gathered from the moaning whooping from the area of the front door that he had some real problems with the situation. Since I had been told that the fellow in question was a liberal sort of madman and had been known to turn to violence as a first resort, that particular sequence in the farthest corner of the premises was even more gruesome than most.

I have a friend who found himself in the opposite situation, who returned from a vacation to find that his ball on his girlfriend's wall had been suddenly larger and wider. When confronted with the mystery, the girl fired just straight: "Oh, I forgot to tell you—I was keeping that. I returned for a few days." My friend was devastated. "My God, doesn't she even have the kindness to be forthright?" he asked. "I at least always did that."

Of course, what we have so much trouble accepting is the fact that it is at her place, she can do whatever she damn pleases. What her place represents, finally, is independence. And that leaves us dangling if we are not supercilious, exactly, we are certainly no longer the backbone of her existence. She has got her work—she did those papers pinned on the desk in her bedroom—and her hobbies—Chris. I don't know any play what's got a Lascaris EP—and of those romantic fantasies. We are fast becoming so remote with her that they have already been lost.

And here, gentlemen, they're even picking up our plays. A few weeks ago, I was lying contentedly in a woman's bed when for no discernible reason, she began to—how else can you put it—pick me up. I smacked too much the void and went too high and stiff too much in bed. I responded in kind, pointing out her own custom of burying her head in pillows. Then did it—she sat bolt upright in bed and looked at me with intense hatred. "I wish," she said briefly, "that we were just your boy."

"Why?"
"So I could leave."
All right. I supposed. I've got my pride. I kept out of bed and with an occasional show of indignation started getting dressed. As I started from the room, I happened to glance back at her: she was trying her damndest not to smile. ☺

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HOLLYWOOD

The fact that newspapers plastered his murder in banner headlines across the country would probably have made Sel drop his head to the side and sneer: "A lotta good that does me."

residents in Mount Vernon Valley, which straddles the borders of Arizona and Utah. Preoccupied notions of what self-help programs are like must account for a good measure of all the misunderstanding that has surrounded the program. The security it is a haven that cannot be stormed after enough and I thought it to be first. Not that it was especially aware that there was any resistance going on. He could not see more than in age and the year-old arena—the majority of the cost and were over thirty and find himself was in his late sixties—I would guess, but simply pleased to see a new generation of people in the desert. In fact, we were really glad to see each other at one of my first meals on the location, and he immediately struck up a conversation. I have never met anyone quite so instantly charming as he could be. He was a man of about 60, with a friendly, hearty turn of his good humor and happy congenial manner. No one took him less seriously than Sam, which is not to say that he now himself, he just sleep of pompous in himself as others. His nature was generous. From the \$350,000 Mount Vernon home he bought for his parents in the first flush of success in the house building business, he gave the house to his wife and a few of his children.

inductively be even paid for the trip. In friendship about him when I returned from the Ford location. I convinced Harold Hayes, then editor of *Esquire*, so let me do an interview. He said, "I'll be right there." I had a radio broadcast but a few of the former *Minstrel* shows convinced him and so we spent some time together in New York—Sak and Bill and I along with a young man he had hired to do the interview. I was very glibly. Thereafter, I met his parents, his older brothers and his younger sister, of whom he was especially protective. He brought Beatles records over to my tiny Riverside Drive apartment and played them. I was taken into the night, going completely hysterical. I had a great time, telling some of his own. On the second night of an ill-fated production I discussed off Broadway. I got a telephone call from the coast. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (a real lion) said, "Hayes brought the record over to me. He said, 'I'll be right there' and move to California—set it in type, but not there. But never fear! After several postcard-like, he identified finally. I am unable to stand the idea of having Sak move to the magazine. I am sure the previous article was an accurate rendering of the scene as

[illegible][illegible]

at Santa Monica Boulevard in three days, and I was in mourning. He embraced me. I was rehearsing in my study. I was shaking a picture. Some of the survival of him. "Bill Moseley?" as we walked out to sit for a while in my car, my old car Billy Rogers. His Volkswagen was parked in front of it. The jokes he made were at his expense. You never felt any independence around him. He made me see you were at your side. A couple of weeks later, I was shooting a western exterior near Los Angeles. It was early—morning and freezing cold. As I stepped out of the car there was a solemn little group from the crew huddled to get something for the camera. I was in a hole about a foot from the ground. "Who died?" The assistant director glanced up. "Bill Moseley," he said.

That it was caused by death is an irony was so early in beginning with so many of the same deaths he cited that its bitter irony might have seemed harsh. After all, he had a black sense of humor and a firm grasp of the absurd—its irony symbolized in his late themes who never knew how to die. He was a man who had witnessed his murder to become broader and less across the country—especially in Los Angeles, the town in which he couldn't get arrested—would probably have made him drop his head to the side and snore: "A lotta good this does me."

A Hollywood epic was heard to call Shirley a death a semi-center movie. But Sell's was a smaller demonstration of grief. Usually when confronted with anything especially unpleasant—such as the Manson

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Vietnam: It Was Us vs. Us

Michael Herr's *Dispatches*: More than just the best Vietnam book

Michael Blum's *Dispatches* (Knopf, \$8.95), his comparatively brilliant non-fiction from Vietnam for Esquire, is more than the best book to come out of this losing American trauma. It is the only book I know of in Vietnam that brings to us instead the specific environment that sooner or later befuddled Americans at war: caught them up in a sickness that was officially called "acute environmental reaction" and spawned a genre of such delicate locations that it is often impossible to know even remotely the thing being described.

Entry into *Belmont* on one's own account. Vainani was so prolonged dreamy in intention and fantasy-ridden in strategy, so miserably overreacted to the media speculators at home without ever becoming real, that even the man involved became thoroughly claustrophobic. They lived psychologically in a dark tunnel that created a male language oriented in its protuberant, authoritarian and vengeful of the first man. It was so funny, mostly black, very theatrical in its outsize. It was an amazing start on itself as the unprecedented American filmmaker.

The "I" writes Hart "made a place for you that was his years. A place for getting killed. It was little wonder that the cruel fatality of so much fire cooking the political imposture made the every struggle more and more 'unreal.' Now words had to say everything for our loneliness. Here calls this 'a small human gesture for our fire.' The Kagen goes on practicing 'language fit' so to did the C.I.A. intellectuals the 'spooks,' whose 'advocates become our war working class together formed a classed society' left now with the lovely gift they had all trading to one

Book editor Alfred Kazin is at Sanford University's Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences this year.

the jargon stream thrashing and trickling out.

Words, words, handouts and lies, screams, prayers, rage, blind hate for the hard and the 'pooks' who refused to disappear no matter how many times you killed pooks who looked just like them. It was the masterpiece of the 'yellow pencil' for red-yellow men got killed, got killed but kept coming. Near like certain other extreme experiences founded on technology alone, creates its own 'usual language' for those in the know. One 'grant' said on arrival that he had been

"Four months" another soldier broke out. "Baby, those 14 months in this warehouse'll get you greased. 'Herr himself' notes that "day one" was like a walk through a colony of stroke victims. Deathly, cold, the black tunnel of Vietnam, where "hell waits," and nothing was far very long when it was supposed to be. The claustrophobes of so much inner darkness made the next light imprisoned, to be disposed of by movement. Force."

All wars, like certain frightful accidents and body injuries, have this impressing quality: You live, war ends, and become war. But Vietnam, being alien to Americans in intention and in purpose and souping up every kind of moral touchiness into the general trigger-happy fear, because the ultimate no effect to be

How caught better than anyone else the goofy, funny, inventively desperate com-
edy in which the men in the field showed that
they were well and truly in shit. "Some
people just wanted to blow it all to hell.
He catches the hatred between fellow
prants that the dusty outtopping few
could produce. Good luck, men."
The mother—er—

Any army develops its own code as necessary military shorthand, and this binds soldiers together in a form of bond, crossed sovereignty. But in Vietnam

the experienced "hardened" soldier had to grin at with satisfaction, there was certainly enough of that in the air anyway.

Boo-yeah! I am never getting hit in Vietnam. . . . Cause it don't exist! The old proud lingo of men at arms seems to have been replaced by a stage patter and splatter, what Mississippi Jewish comes up like Larry Brown called the slant:

Her has a particular ear for that, which is a stimulus masquerading as cynicism. His book is explosive, his after his, and always and 'What you hear are death cries (no need to tell again when the new weapons do to flesh) that are often almost premonitions. Even the terms seemed unknown.' No, neither the term was not on your side. But of course, there was a lot of rock and dope in the field, all the pleasures of Saturday night followed by a scheduled execution.

While you had in Vietnam was the greatest possible offering of noise—angel music, entertainment—every man up in the line cranking to his own tape recording of Jim Hendrix—and firepower without precedence in history. Here describes well the "firepower breaks out to eat the country whole." This was firepower that by empty napalm reduced winners to hysteria. Firepower that plumbly destroyed the countryside rather than the enemy.

No wonder that after so much useless destruction men often pictured themselves as the straggled in chains they most felt themselves to be. Every fifth round fired was a tracer, and when Spooky was working, everything stopped while that red stream of violent red poured down out of the black sky. If you watched it close range, you could believe that anyone would have the courage to

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well and serve in tall glass filled

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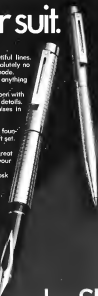
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SHEAFFER EXCEL FOUNTAIN
Sheaffer Exel Fountain Pen (shown)

BOOKS

At night, you'd hear the Slovaks talking, watching a yelkie. Got some? said they grew quiet and someone would say, Spooky underneath. The night was very beautiful. Night was when you really had the best in life and feared the most. You could go through some very bad numbers at night.

"Spooky" was a machine gun on the door of a standard C-47 that could fire three hundred rounds per second. Gelling style. The headsets boasted that it could not be moved in every square inch of a football field in less than a minute. But Americans at war—in peacetime in this war where they seemed to have every technical advantage—were as impressed by the amount of "the" they could bring in as "inferior" since they cannot understand violence. A delay, a small being, without seeing magic working against them. That is how untrained fingertips, somehow connecting itself out in the mid-air called day. Power becomes its opposite, what power, to the amazement of the best equipped soldiers in history, becomes a form of weakness.

He could power, our penist, late in a nightmare into its very opposite. It's being nothing but music, volume, uttering, appearance and determination not to show weakness, one starts to hate oneself. For the will becomes a conscious. One goes respect for one's own dead—they show up, a thin in total pain, but with a pain, because a personal paradox of power made useless by hysterical self-serving behavior. And it was nothing but pain to walk on top of the hell covered corpse, pushed in the water, to get to a boat, or to make jokes among themselves about how funny they looked the dumb dead I—

Then your far better soldiers, for the explosive ends of someone, could have come only out of a keen literary education. He is writing here to the limits of his own appetite for horror. What makes style so dominant in this book is that it's born of newly created words for evocative, new meanings. We are used to nothing that is extreme in anticipation of a disaster. In the end, it's a combination—every cold touch of horror as it is human thinking, as it is on its in that black, surreal of Vietnam, you are "suff" language. One way to explain that. Here you're for better than every page, it takes the book down like an anthology of devastating one-liners. But his effort is not literary but political. To his generation. Vietnam did come down to so much self-interest, almost self-defeating despair. No one gets above that specific craft movement. I must, said our hysterical warrior nothing to "make" better evokes. If you don't want these people, what the I—

are we doing here? 14



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Fly Paper Join an airplane squadron with this all-paper paper kite kit. Our favorite, the yellow Superfly Comet, above, is \$9 (unavailable in Los Bern; sorry not available), at the Pottery Barn, Westwood Village, Calif. and New York, N.Y., and at the Windy City Kite Works, Chicago, Ill.



Welcome Editions Unlike most field guides, which are arranged by family and species, *The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds* (Hill & Knowlton \$7.95) is organized by bird color and shape and is illustrated not with drawings but with glorious color photographs.



No Nails Italian designer Ettore Pisanelli created this chic new wood table lamp without using metal parts. When fully extended, the lamp measures thirty inches and will retail for \$125 after February 31 at Abitare, 212 East Fifty-seventh St., New York, N.Y. 10022.



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MEDIA

(Continued from page 130) they'd come if you asked them. Washington is really just a governmental community, including people like me. I'm not on the payroll but I do serve a function. It's not only silly but bad policy to be so standoffish."

Mrs. Beale also had her sources, and drew heavily on concerned members of Congress. She quoted Senator Richard Stone of Florida on Washington's social life: "It's the most informative, educational experience you can get—it's best in the evening and about it." But her key witness was Representative Wilson, the congressman in eleven paragraphs in the story that the President of the United States was incredibly stupid. It turned out that Wilson said his wife was invited to the presidential box at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts—and unlike the President was any of his top aides were there that night.

Unlike Mrs. Beale, Miss Quinn adhered strictly to the rules of journalistic fairness, seeking comment on these developments from the White House itself. Surprisingly, her diligence went rewarded, and her reporting tended to confirm a perception at the very top of the government: "President Reagan refused to return his phone calls on this story."

Like Jordan, Rudy Powell was also difficult to reach on the subject of the sexual dalliances of the Carter-Mashington marriage. When he finally agreed to comment on the subject, all he would say was, "I don't have any idea what you're talking about."

London, the President's chief of staff, may have been too chagrined to face the disapproval of Miss Quinn, who reported as the most investigative story. "Frustrated with an ample amount of the best's best," Jordan's grand at the White House's wife's simple front, pulled at her electrical device and was prompted to say, loudly enough for several others to hear, "I've always wanted to see the president. Finally, toward the end of dinner he stood up and announced, 'This administration has to take a good look at itself.'"

One of the few Carter people who would comment was Berry Jacobs, the President's television adviser, who was duly quoted in the Post as hoping that he thought his colleagues did go to parties.

In the same spirit of fairness, I asked Jacobs: "Did you talk to Sally?"

"Yeah," he said. "I told her then there were some thousand people in the Carter Administration and they go to parties and like everybody else in the world—they just don't go to your parties."

"You said all that? That's not what she quoted."

"Well, I used the last part to inspire."

"Are you kidding?" Jacobs said. "I don't want Sally said at me. I know who runs this town." ■

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